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THE BELLEVILLE MYSTERY

AND
OTHER
STORIES

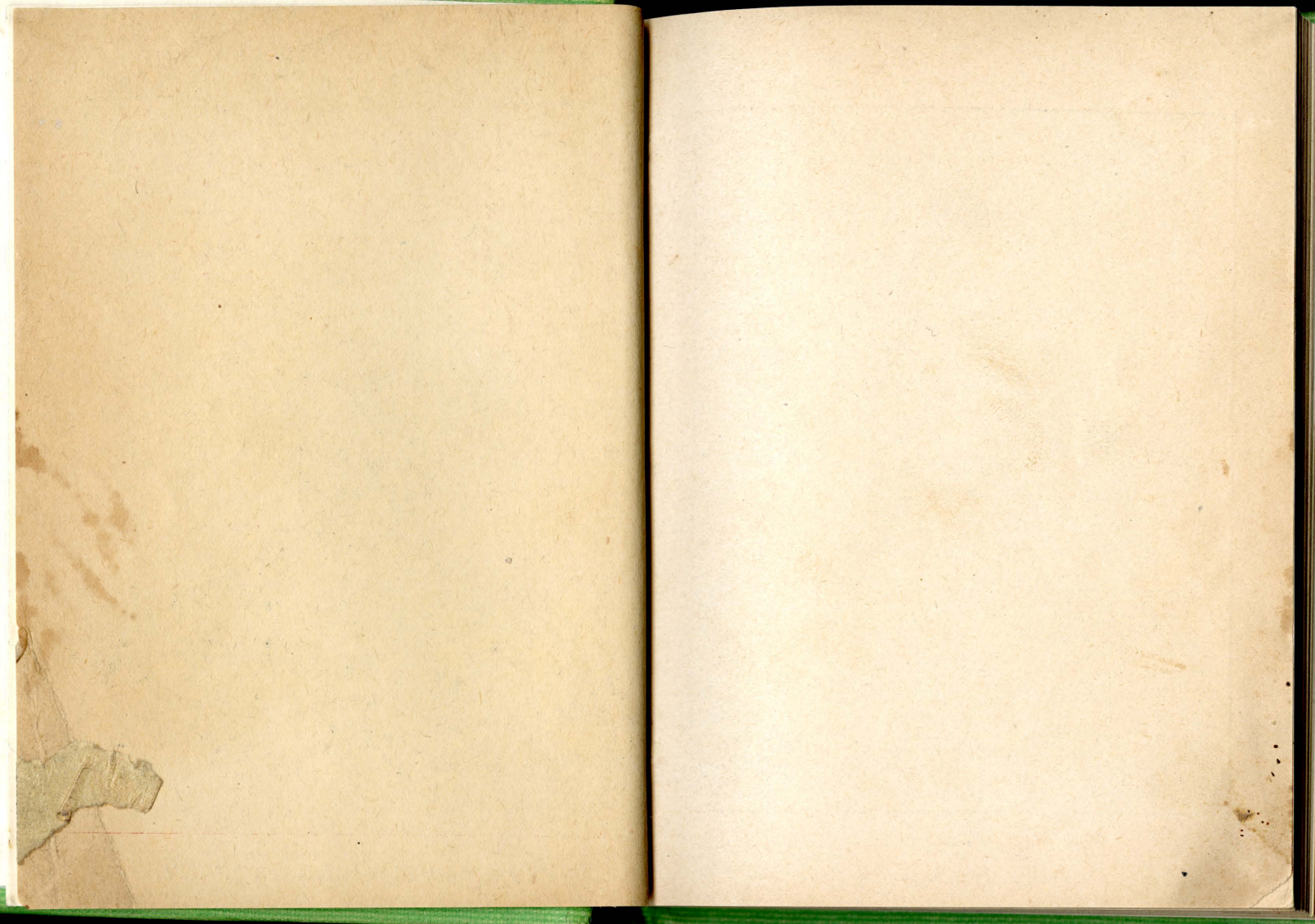
BY
Capt. H. C. Webster,
SUPERINTENDENT
American
Detective
Association.

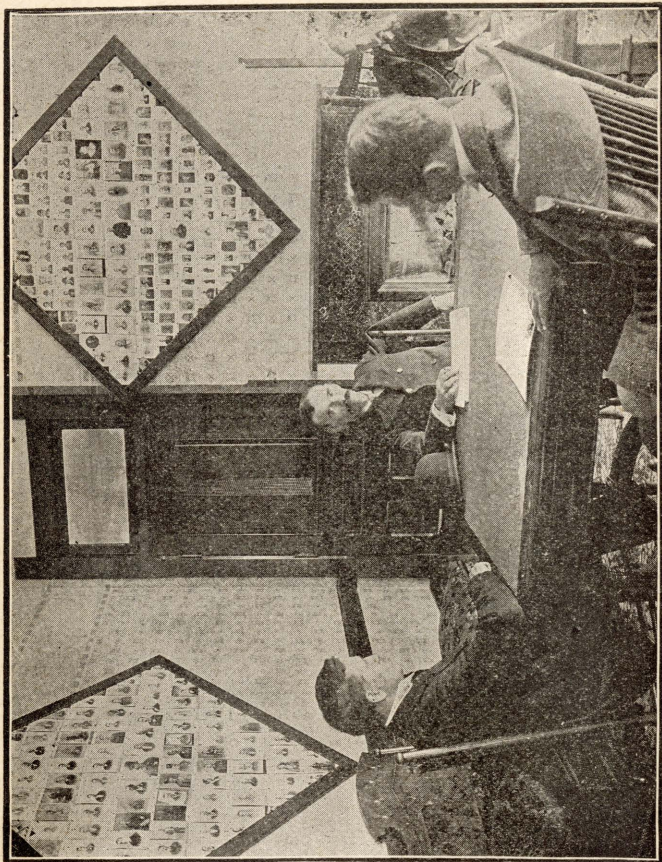


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A little group at the Home Office. Page 14

"Truth is Stranger Than Fiction."

THE BELLEVILLE MYSTERY

AND
OTHER STORIES

RECOUNTING

SOME OF THE CURIOUS EXPERIENCES AND STIRRING
ADVENTURES THAT GO TO MAKE UP THE EVERY-
DAY EXISTENCE OF A PRACTICAL, WORK-
ING DETECTIVE.

COMPILED BY THE PRIVATE SECRETARY OF
CAPT. H. C. WEBSTER,

FOUNDER AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE
AMERICAN DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

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PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

The successful management of a great secret service system does not allow time to write books. For this reason, Capt. H. C. Webster has never been able to write the volume of personal experiences which his friends have so often urged him to prepare. Not having succeeded in getting manuscript for a book direct from the Captain's pen, we have done the next best thing—we have taken these stories from him by word of mouth, just as he has told them from time to time in the presence of his private secretary. In compiling this work we have also had access to the vaults containing the case files and reports of the American Detective Association for many years back. These have been of great service in verifying dates and supplying minor details which Capt. Webster omitted in his off hand talks. Some of the most interesting cases have been reserved for a second volume which, it is expected, will be compiled and published in the near future.

When it was first announced that this book was in preparation, many letters were received asking us to include a brief history of the life and works of the veteran detective. This has been done, and it is proper to state that this is the first authentic biography of Capt. Webster that has ever appeared in print.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Bullman

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CAPT. WEBSTER'S BUSY LIFE - - - - -	7
OLD DOC WILSON, THE HERMIT - - - - -	14
THE BELLEVILLE MYSTERY - - - - -	29
THE STOLEN TREASURY PLATE - - - - -	51
THE ORANGE COUNTY GANG - - - - -	81
THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER - - - - -	102

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	FRONTISPIECE.
A Little Group at the Home Office	
"I then had to undertake my first delicate operation in surgery."	23
"We dashed up to the little station just as the train pulled in."	27
"I advise you to return peaceably to your homes."	39
"Taking one of the bills from her stocking, she handed it me."	59
"Gentlemen," said I, "don't do anything rash."	73
"Game's up, boys, you're both arrested. No joke this time."	93
"Our little procession marched down the main street to the jail."	99
"I held the two antagonists apart at arm's length."	115

Capt. Webster's Busy Life.

*Nearly Forty Years of
Ceaseless Activity in
Secret Service.*

An admiring friend once said that the reason Harry Webster was never elected President of the United States was that he was not a poor boy. Yet, the fact that he was reared in luxury and did not earn his first dollar either by splitting rails or driving a canal boat, does not signify that he was lacking in energy or willingness to work. The truth is that during all of his boyhood days he worked as hard as any child of poverty ever could.

At the time of his birth, in 1848, his father, Col. Joseph D. Webster, was a wealthy retired planter, then living in Philadelphia. Col. Webster still retained his

large Virginia plantations and his army of negroes, and for a few months each year he would return to his southern home and superintend the harvesting of his crops. Harry always accompanied him on these trips, and the boy's wonderful executive ability and boundless energy revealed itself at an early age. Even as a child he would take a group of slaves in the field and get more work out of them than could the big overseer. He entered into the work with the spirit of a leader rather than a driver, and such was his quick grasp of the affairs of the plantation that his father declared that the boy would own half the state of Virginia if he chose to become a planter when he grew up.

But the boy marked out a very different career for himself. He instinctively turned to the study of criminology long before he was old enough to know what the word meant. As he read the newspaper reports of murders, forgeries, robberies and other crimes, he felt that he was the natural enemy of the evil-doer and was seized with a mighty impulse to track down the criminals in the interests of justice. At the age of 14, he heard of the thieving methods of the conductors on the Philadelphia street railways, and boldly approached the president of the company with a proposition to detect the guilty parties and furnish all the evidence necessary for their discharge or prosecution. Street railway de-

tective work requires first-rate talent, and the president could hardly believe that this young boy could succeed where old experienced sleuths had failed. But young Webster urged his case so convincingly that the president decided to give him a trial. The employment of the boy-detective resulted in such a wholesale scatterment of street-car conductors as Philadelphia had never seen.

He worked on his own plans, never having received a "pointer" from a detective in his life. Some of his methods of detection were not only original, but unique. In those times, the early '60's, all street cars were of the "bob-tail" pattern, one man serving both as conductor and driver. The line usually extended beyond the settled portion of the city, the end being at a point some distance from the nearest houses. In this lonely place, the dishonest conductor would proceed to pilfer coins from the cash box of the car, which he accomplished by means of a cleverly contrived wire hook. This was the form of stealing that baffled the owners of street car lines all over the country. To put a detective on the car or to station him near by did no good, for as long as the driver suspected that anybody might be within sight he would not attempt to steal.

Without telling the president of his intention, young Webster put into operation what afterward became widely known in detective circles as the "spy-glass sys-

tem." He procured a large field-glass and stationed himself at the upper window of a house half-a-mile from the turn-table. He could clearly see every movement the unsuspecting driver made, and could even count the number of coins extracted. As fast as the men were caught thieving in this way they were discharged, much to their amazement. They could not figure out how their peculations had been discovered. Finally the secret leaked out, and after that not one of them went near the cash box at the end of his run, for he always felt that there was a telescope pointed at him somewhere within a mile or two.

The street-car employes had many other methods of stealing, and to discover these, Webster became a driver himself, associating with the men, plotting with them, and entering into their conspiracies, until the rascals were all turned out. The work of the inexperienced boy-detective had saved the company thousands of dollars and he was paid liberally for his services and retained as the regular detective for the street railway system.

Somehow young Webster's uncle, who was a member of the detective force of New York City, heard of his nephew's achievements and sent for him to come and act as his assistant. Thus it happened that before he was 17 years old, the youthful detective was in the

thick of the never-ending fight against the shrewd criminals of the great metropolis. Within a year he had so distinguished himself that he was assigned to the most perplexing cases that came before the detective department of New York city.

It fell to his lot to follow up many cases of an international character, and for 12 years he was almost constantly traveling either by land or sea. In this time he visited at different times nearly every habitable portion of the globe, always returning only with his mission accomplished and his case closed. One of the most famous of these cases was the capture of Bob, alias "Reddy" Linden, and Jim Condon, the notorious bank robbers, who were chased by Detective Webster for thousands of miles and finally caught by him in South America, and brought back to serve out long terms in the penitentiary.

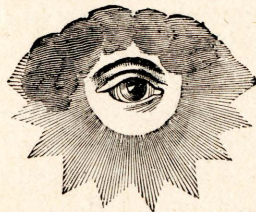
For the next ten years, his work was largely confined to boundaries of the United States, as during that time he was reckoned among the shrewdest of the government detectives identified with the Treasury Department. His success in dealing with counterfeiters was especially notable, the capture of the notorious Orange county (Indiana) gang, the still more infamous Guinn and Driggs gang of Ohio, the elusive "Rev." Henry Crow, all historic criminal characters are among the exploits credited to Detective Webster in the annals of the

Treasury Department during this time.

During all these years Detective Webster, as knowledge of methods and practices became more thorough, had cherished ambition to be at the head of a detective organization which should be perfect, which should be thoroughly equipped, and which should be so large and far-reaching as to really do what those already in existence made a pretense of doing. At the end of his last term in Government Secret Service, he refused a re-appointment and entered upon what he has regarded as his life-work since early years. The American Detective Association was the result of the best thought he could bring to its formation; no pains or expense was or has been spared to place it above and beyond any other; applicants for enrollment on its books of membership have been and always will be closely scrutinized as to character and ability, shrewdness and courage, and the standard set has been a high one. No droues have been wanted or allowed to remain, but of all have been required the unswerving fidelity to principle which has become a watch-word of the organization.

Of Superintendent Webster personally but little need be said, his business methods and characteristics being well known to all who have had dealings with him. In all the years in which he has directed the destinies of the American Detective Association, it is notable that

he is usually first to arrive and last to leave the handsomely appointed offices, his daily task of answering the immense correspondence and giving advice and instruction in the many and diversified cases always in progress sometimes taking far into the night to complete—but in this he is inflexible; never relinquishing his task or closing his desk so long as one letter remains unanswered, or one case needing instructions for its successful progress. Now in the prime of life, he exhibits an unprecedented capacity for hard work, to which it is the hope of all who know him that he may be spared many years, and accomplish the great work so auspiciously begun and conscientiously carried forward.



Old Doc Wilson, the Hermit

A Tale of Buried Treasure.

One evening last winter a little group of business men was seated in Capt. Webster's private quarters at the Home Office enjoying their cigars, while awaiting the arrival of an operative with the final reports in an important fire insurance investigation.

All those present, except the Captain and his secretary, were officials of the insurance company, and they watched the clock rather anxiously, for the report of Operative Patterson meant a great deal to them.

If he brought proof that a certain building had been fired by design instead of by accident it would save them the payment of a policy amounting to several thousand dollars. There was a new company, that

could ill afford such a loss; hence their anxiety.

"Don't look so glum, gentlemen," said Capt. Webster; "Patterson's train is due in 40 minutes and he'll bring you good news. Have fresh cigars, all of you. This is no graveyard."

"Speaking of graveyards, Cap," said one of the men, as he lighted his cigar, "what's that I've heard about you robbing a grave over in Illinois, once?"

"I'll take oath that I never robbed but one grave in my life," replied the detective, as he gazed meditatively out upon the moving throng in the crowded street below. "But that *was* in Illinois, and it was nearly five years ago. Perhaps that's what you've heard about. If you want me to tell you that story, I'll have to begin at the beginning, away back in the '40's, before I was born. Still, I will make the story as short as I can."

"Along about 1848 one of the most popular young physicians of Indianapolis was Dr. David Wilson. He was 27 years old then, and a rattling good fellow with a practice that many an old doctor might have been proud of. He was making lots of money and things went well with him until he fell in love with the prettiest daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy families of the city.

"The trouble was that he didn't get the girl. She married another young doctor, who was Wilson's strong-

est rival, professionally as well as socially.

"That disappointment took all ambition, energy and ginger out of young Wilson. It didn't drive him to drink. He simply let his practice go to the dogs and wandered around like one in a dream.

"Finally he disappeared, and his relatives learned that he had gone to Crawford county, Illinois, where he had bought 1,200 acres of the finest land in that section. That Illinois country was new then. Wilson's two brothers went out there and found the melancholy young doctor living alone in a log cabin which he had built right in the center of that 1,200 acre tract of wilderness.

"These two brothers didn't have much money, but they raked up all they could and bought some adjoining land, and there they settled.

"The gold fever was raging then, just after the big discoveries in California, and Doc Wilson about half made up his mind to go, but he didn't like to leave his land and log cabin, so he compromised by staking two other men. He furnished these men money to go on and agreed to provide for their families in their absence, if they would give him half of what they found.

"This they readily agreed to do, and off they went for the gold fields. In about a year they were back again with between \$40,000 and \$50,000 in bullion.

"Wilson was delighted when he saw the great pile of gold, and so anxious was he to get entire possession of the precious metal that he bought it, giving the men greenbacks for their share.

"He secreted all that gold in his little log cabin there in the woods. His brothers knew of this, and objected strongly, fearing that if it should become known that their hermit brother had such wealth, his life would be in constant danger.

"But he had no faith in banks, and there he kept the gold safely for ten years, when the civil war broke out.

"Doc Wilson was then appointed a surgeon in a military hospital in Cincinnati. All during the war he kept that gold hidden in his office at Cincinnati, where he lived entirely alone, almost as much a hermit as he had been for ten years in the woods in Illinois.

"After the war, he abandoned his hermit life for a time, and went to live with his brothers who were on the old homestead in Ohio. But he still clung to the gold. His brothers now demanded that he deposit the stuff in a bank, for he was endangering all their lives by keeping it in the house. At last he agreed to take it to Cincinnati the next morning and put it in a certain bank there. The brothers said they would go with him to help him carry it, and to guard it on the way.

"But next morning when they arose, Doc had disappeared. So had the \$40,000 or more of gold. They searched for him for two days.

"On the night of the third day he reappeared and said he had deposited the gold where no living man could find it. And he would tell them no more. This was in the fall of '72. For over 20 years, this man had safely kept as much gold as a strong man could carry, and during all this time it is believed he never had a weapon to protect it.

"All the Wilsons still owned their land in Crawford county, Ill., and in 1873 they all returned there, Doc again becoming a hermit in his old cabin. Years before he had bought an 80-acre tract adjoining his 1,200, and on account of the numerous white oaks that grew on it, he called it the "white oaks eighty."

"The present county seat town of Robinson had grown up, and all the Wilsons found themselves with much of their land inside the town limits.

"Doc Wilson's wealth had increased to something like \$120,000, besides his gold bullion, and with his increasing age there was much anxiety as to the nature of his will. The brothers believed that he still had the gold and that it was hidden somewhere on his land,

"The old doctor grew more eccentric year by year. He dressed in odd fashion and allowed his gray hair to

grow down over his shoulders, and his whiskers were long and unkempt. He took long walks, but always alone, and one of his favorite rambles was to the "white oaks eighty."

"His relatives fell into the habit of leaving him alone, and Robinson people paid no attention to him, for he was only old Doc Wilson, the hermit, who did no harm.

"And so he lived for the 21 years from 1873 to 1894. But in January of '94, he was taken sick, and then the relatives manifested the liveliest interest in him. On the third day of his illness, he called his oldest brother to his bedside and told him something about the hidden gold. He said that when he disappeared from the Ohio homestead for three days over 20 years before, he had brought the gold to Crawford county and buried it in a secluded spot on his land. He said that among his papers there was a plat, showing the exact spot where the money was buried. When he got to this point he fell over exhausted. They could not get him to talk again after that.

"John Wilson, one of Doc's nephews, lived near by. That night, Julia, John's wife, prepared some chicken broth and carried it over to the old man. He ate some of it, then grew rapidly worse, and by 4 o'clock in the morning he was dead.

"John and Julia did not report the old hermit's

death until 8 o'clock. In the meantime they had broken open his trunk and confiscated all his papers which they took to their home.

"Now this is where I come in. The old hermit's grave had hardly been filled before ugly rumors about poisoning began to fly around. As the weeks went by these rumors grew, but it was nearly four months before the heirs got together and sent for me to make an investigation.

"I put two operatives, Steele and Lamb, on the track of a part of the evidence, while I hired myself to one of the Wilsons for a few days as a farm hand. About the first thing I did was to walk over about every foot of that "white oaks eighty." I soon found a hole in the ground, freshly dug. At equal distances from the spot were three trees, each of the same size, forming a triangle, with the hole in the exact center. The trees had been "blazed" at different times. I cut one of the trees down and on examination of the rings formed each year by the rising sap, I found that it was just 22 years old.

"So this was the spot where Doc Wilson had buried his treasure in 1872 and planted the trees to mark the spot. In later years he had blazed the trees to distinguish them more readily. But the deposit had been lifted.

"It was not difficult to guess who did it. John Wilson and his wife Julia had suddenly become prosperous. They had bought 40 acres of land and were talking of taking a house in town.

"My next move was to get at the body of Doc Wilson and have the stomach analyzed. I came back to Indianapolis and secured the services of Dr. G. W. Coombs to assist in the job.

"Returning to Robinson I got the prosecuting attorney to make me out papers giving me authority to exhume the body. I did this late in the evening, because John and Julia Wilson were now thoroughly alarmed and had secured the best counsel in the town, and I saw that I was in for a legal fight.

"If the opposition learned that I was in town and what I was up to, they would take steps to prevent our getting the body.

"Dr. Coombs and I went quietly to our rooms at the hotel without registering, enjoining strict secrecy upon the proprietor.

"During the night I slipped out the back way and engaged two men to go with us and dig open the grave. Some time after midnight the doctor and I went quietly out the rear of the hotel, met our grave diggers and went to the cemetery.

"There I had trouble with the men, for they took

fright and wanted to back out. We had a good supply of whiskey for such an emergency and made the men drink until they got their nerve back again.

"But as soon as they struck the coffin they dropped their shovels and ran. It was at that darkest hour of the night, just before dawn. I finished clearing out the dirt from the top of the coffin. The ground was very wet and I soon discovered that the coffin was filled with water. This made it too heavy for the doctor and I with our combined strength to lift the box.

"The only thing left was to remove the lid and take the body out by itself.

"In helping to pull off the lid, Dr. Coombs' right hand caught on the lead lining and cut it to the bone.

"Here was a new dilemma. The doctor's duty there was to remove the stomach with his surgical skill, and here he was so crippled that he could not handle the knife at all.

"I am not likely to forget our experience in lifting the body of old Doc Wilson from the water-soaked grave, in which it had lain during all the months from January till June. It was certainly not in a condition for removal.

"Dr. Coombs attempted to lift the head and shoulders with his sound hand, and let it fall back into the water, drenching me with the slimy stuff from head to



"I then had to undertake my first delicate operation in surgery."

foot.

"I seized the body by one of the ankles, but immediately felt the flesh giving way. I then took a firmer grasp by the trousers leg, and finally we had the late Doc Wilson on the ground by the side of the open grave.

"I then had to undertake my first delicate operation in surgery. Under Dr. Coomb's direction I cut away the garments and removed the stomach in about five minutes. Dr. Coombs declared that he couldn't have done a neater job himself.

"The stomach was then put in a glass jar of alcohol which we had brought, and sealed up. We returned the rest of the body to the coffin and hastily covered it with the loose dirt.

"The day was just breaking as we turned from the ghastly job and returned to town, bearing the precious jar. Going into the hotel by the back way, we sought our rooms and tried in vain to wash off the terrible stench. The more we washed the more powerful and awful it became.

"We woke up a druggist near by, and got some chemicals to kill the frightful odor that clung to us. It was only partially successful.

"We had ordered an early breakfast at the hotel so we could eat by ourselves. The girls who brought us our breakfast wouldn't come within five feet of us.

They poked our dishes at us from afar off, then ran from the room and refused to come back.

"After breakfast, early as it was, I no sooner stepped to the front door of the hotel than I discovered that something was up.

"A little throng had gathered at the justice's office a little farther up the street and I knew what was coming.

"Operative Lamb came up at this time and told me that the opposition was getting up papers to have us arrested for grave robbery.

"Knowing that they would stop at nothing to prevent our getting away with the stomach I determined to give them the slip.

"Stepping into the hotel, I asked the doctor how he would like to take a little ride in the country, suggesting that it would be more pleasant than sitting around the dingy hotel.

"The idea struck him favorably. I told him to go and get our grips ready and come out the back way of the hotel. I went to a livery stable and secured the fastest team in town. I got Dr. Coombs into it as quickly as possible, and, slipping a \$5 bill into the hand of the driver, gave him his instructions.

"Just as he whipped up the horses and started off, we heard a shout up the street, and there came the deputy sheriff driving furiously after us, brandishing a

paper and calling to us to halt.

"Then began the most exciting race I ever saw. I told the driver not to spare his horses, for if he killed them I would buy him another pair; also mentioned the fact that there would be money in it for him if we got to Union in time to catch a certain train.

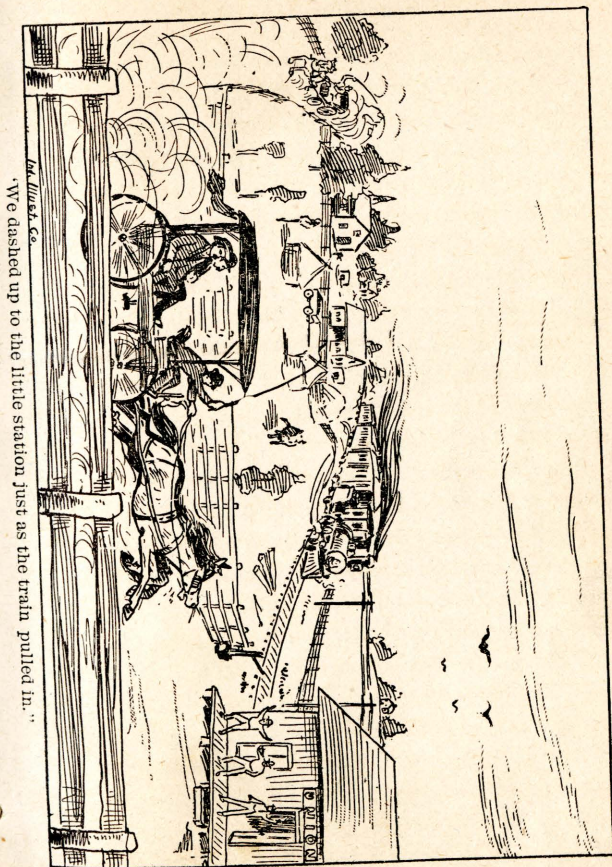
"It was twenty miles and we had just an hour and thirty-five minutes to make it in.

"That deputy surely had a good horse. He kept the distance between us nearly even the whole 20 miles.

"We dashed up to the little station at Union, Ill., just as the train pulled in; and the train pulled out just as the deputy reached the further end of the platform.

"Luckily, the conductor on the train was a personal friend of mine, and did us good service in helping us to evade the officers who looked for us at several points along the road, until we crossed the state line into Indiana two hours later. None of them appeared to have our descriptions and they concluded that we had left the train at some small station.

"There was a possibility that they would endeavor to have us arrested at the Union station on our arrival at Indianapolis, so we requested the conductor to have the train slow up immediately after crossing White River. We jumped from the train, entered a cab which I had ordered by telegraph and drove hurriedly to Dr.



"We dashed up to the little station just as the train pulled in."

Coombs' office on Ohio street, and delivered the stomach to J. N. Hurty, the analytical chemist.

"I immediately wired the prosecuting attorney at Robinson that if wanted I would return at once.

"But I wasn't wanted. It was the old hermit's stomach they were most anxious to arrest."

At this point the detective proceeded to re-light the cigar that had gone out during the recital, and appeared to have nothing further to add.

"But what did the chemist find in the stomach?" asked one of the insurance men.

"Blood is thicker than water," replied the captain, with a grim smile, "and none of the Wilsons of Crawford county relished the idea of having a part of their interesting family hanged. They all got together and divided the old hermit's money on a satisfactory basis. Some people, you know, take arsenic for the complexion—but here comes your man Patterson."



The Belleville Mystery.

*Strange Case of
the Rev. Mr. Hinshaw.*

The sleepy little village of Belleville, in Hendricks county, Indiana, never had a real sensation until the morning of January 10, 1895.

Then it had such a big one that it attracted the attention of the whole country for the next ten months.

At one o'clock in the morning of that date many inhabitants of the place were awakened by loud cries of "Murder!"

The shouts came from the direction of the little Methodist parsonage, occupied by the Rev. Wm. E. Hinshaw and his good wife Thurza.

A light snow was falling, and the night was cold, but the startled neighbors scarcely waited to dress

before hastening to the relief of the person in distress.

Before reaching the parsonage, they found the minister, clad only in his night-dress, lying at full length in the snow by the roadside, and moaning pit-eously.

Kind hands picked him up, and it was then discovered that the unfortunate man was covered with blood from head to foot.

They bore him to his house, and, seeing that the side door, entering the cottage kitchen, stood open, they started to carry him in by that way.

At the threshold they nearly dropped their burden in surprise and fright when they came upon the body of Mrs. Hinshaw lying, head downward, upon the steps.

She was quite dead. A bullet hole through her head told the story.

The wounded minister was made comfortable as soon as possible and then he related the awful incidents of the preceding hour.

He had been awakened from a sound sleep by a pistol shot quite close to his head.

Bending over him was a big, burly ruffian who had just reached across the preacher and sent a bullet through the head of the woman at his side.

Hinshaw sprang from the bed and grappled with

the murderer.

The villain was more than a match for him in strength but the minister fought with desperation to overcome his adversary.

They struggled all over the bed-room and through the door into the darkness of the parlor adjoining.

Here, Hinshaw found that he had two enemies to contend with. The second man was small of stature, but wiry, and he was armed with a razor, with which he slashed the minister again and again, to make him release his hold upon the larger man.

Out into the dining room they fought, and there in the darkness, the large man succeeded in getting out of Hinshaw's grasp.

At that moment the white-robed figure of his wife rushed into the room and threw her arms about his neck, saying; "Will, is this you?"

Then his enemies came upon him again and the struggle was renewed. The contestants fought their way into the kitchen, out the side door, out through the gate, and across the street. Here one of them shot Hinshaw in the side and both the murderous villains fled.

Hinshaw fell where he was shot, and here he uttered the cries that brought assistance from many of the neighboring houses.

Long before daybreak that morning the little town of Belleville was in an uproar. Its four hundred inhabitants were gathered about the little parsonage swearing vengeance upon the dastardly villains who had done murder in the peaceful village and destroyed the home and handsome wife of their beloved pastor.



WM. E. HINSHAW.



THUNZA HINSHAW.

The telegraph had told its terrible story, and already scores of newspaper correspondents were on their way to the scene.

Rewards amounting to \$1,750 were offered for the apprehension of the murderers. As a result of this liberal reward, over fifty detectives were haunting the town of Belleville within a week. Some of them were amateurs from near-by towns, but many came from Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, New York and other large centers—old veteran sleuths who had cleared up scores of such mysteries.

But there was one old detective who sat in his office at Indianapolis, only 18 miles from the scene of the tragedy, and read Hinshaw's story and the large reward

offered without emotion or apparent interest.

This was Capt. H. C. Webster, whose business cares did not allow him the luxury of running about the country working cases for reward only.

The third day after the crime a visitor was ushered into the Captain's office. Looking up, Webster recognized an old friend whom he had not seen for years. He was now a resident of Belleville, and a man of considerable wealth.

"What's the matter with you, Cap?" he asked, after greetings had been exchanged. "Why aren't you over at Belleville? The rewards in the Hinshaw murder case amount to nearly \$2,000, and the town is alive with detectives of all shapes and sizes. I believe that the money is yours if you will go after it."

"But, my dear sir," protested Captain Webster, "don't you know I don't leave my business here to work cases for reward only?"

"Yes, I do know that, and that's what I came to see you about. This affair has been a terrible disgrace to our town, and I want you to work the case. You just name your price and I will pay your salary and expenses out of my own pocket, with the understanding that the matter remain a secret between ourselves. If you win the case and get the reward, well and good. If not, you will be well paid for your time, and I'll have the satis-

faction of knowing that no man can ever solve the Belleville Mystery."

On these terms, Webster could not decline to give his personal attention to the case, so he called for his horse, and two hours later there was still another detective mixing with the throng of strangers in the usually quiet Hoosier village.

Webster devoted the first few hours in Belleville to listening to the current gossip of the streets.

There appeared to be only one theory as to the murder. Robbers had entered the house and while searching the bed room for valuables, Mrs. Hinshaw had awakened. Finding himself discovered, the robber had turned in desperation with the intention of killing both the man and woman. The courage of Rev. Hinshaw in grappling with the marauder had saved his own life, but it was too late to save that of his beloved wife.

The village was ringing with the praises of the brave young clergyman. He had been popular before; now he was idolized.

After learning the exact status of public opinion in the place, detective Webster examined the exterior of the parsonage. He knew that robbers could not make a forcible entry to the house without leaving some evidence of the act. Nothing was found to show how

the house had been entered.

The minister's brother, learning that Detective Webster was in the village, sought him out and volunteered to show him over the scene of the crime and give him all the information possible. He then insisted that the detective come into the house and have a talk with the Rev. Hinshaw.

Webster at first declined to do this, saying that the clergyman was still suffering from his wounds and he did not wish to disturb him. But the brother persisted in his invitation, and the detective finally accompanied him to the bedside.

When Captain Webster entered the room where the Rev. Mr. Hinshaw lay suffering from the effects of a pistol shot and seventeen razor slashes, he expected to see a gentleman of reverend appearance and clerical countenance.

He could hardly repress an exclamation of astonishment when he looked upon the face on the pillow.

There was nothing ministerial in the appearance of the Rev. Mr. Hinshaw.

His visage would have adorned the face of a pugilist. The first thought that came to the detective was that this preacher would appear to better advantage in the prize ring than in the pulpit.

The brother made the introduction.

"Brother, this is Capt. Webster, the detective. I thought it best for him to get the story of this affair direct from you."

Rev. Hinshaw gazed at his visitor curiously and told of the events as they are given at the beginning of this story.

Capt. Webster asked no questions, but kept his gaze riveted upon the face of the injured man while he told his story. For ten minutes Hinshaw continued to talk, but by that time the calm, fixed look of the detective unnerved him and he grew confused. His face alternately paled and flushed as he tried to proceed and finally he could say no more.

The detective then rose and left the room without having spoken a dozen words. His thought was: "This man Hinshaw is not what these people think he is."

During the next few days Webster was seen very little in the town, but he was working hard on theories that had never occurred to the fifty other detectives at all.

One day he suddenly appeared in the office of the prosecuting attorney, at Danville, the county seat, five miles from Belleville.

"I want a warrant," said he, "for the arrest of Rev. William E. Hinshaw."

"Why—what do you mean?" gasped the prosecutor.

"What I say," replied Webster. "I am going to arrest Hinshaw for the murder of his wife."

"See here, Webster," said the attorney, as he saw the look of calm determination on the old detective's face, "if this is a joke, don't carry it too far. If you are in earnest, I am afraid you are losing your mind. Anyhow, let me tell you this. If you dare to go out on the streets of this town and make such a charge against Rev. Hinshaw, even in a joke, your life won't be worth a dollar. Every man in this county is a friend of the young minister and they all sympathize with him deeply. They won't stand any foolishness. Don't be a—"

"Now, don't get excited," interrupted Webster, "just come into this room a few minutes and let me talk to you."

The two men were closeted together for a few minutes, and when they came out the prosecutor proceeded to make out the papers.

By this time, only eight days after the tragedy, Hinshaw had recovered from his wounds and gone to the home of his family at Winchester, Ind., sixty miles distant.

The detective went at once to Winchester and placed him under arrest; then started back to Danville, to have the preacher testify before the coroner's jury which was to sit at Danville the next day.

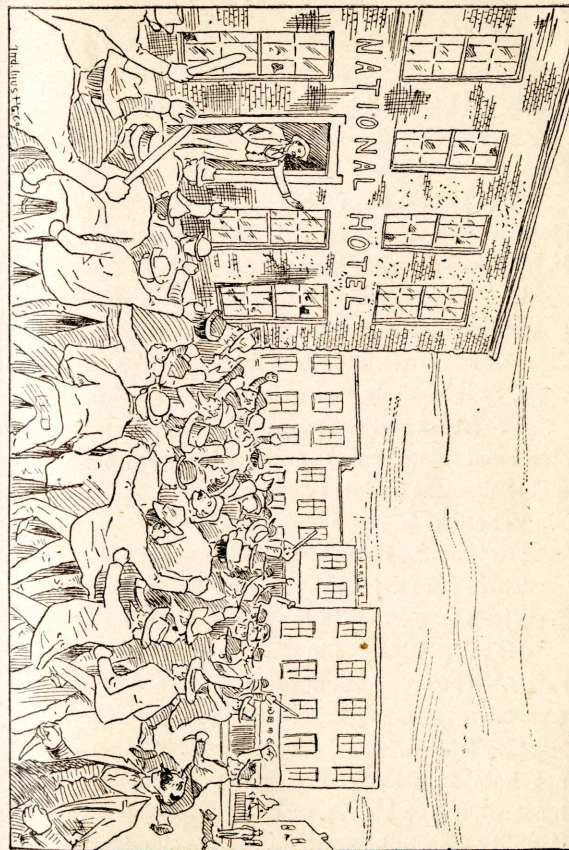
The arrest of Hinshaw was the sensation of the year. The news was telegraphed to every newspaper in the land. The population of Hendricks county seemed to rise as one man to declare the arrest an outrage, and to denounce Webster as an unprincipled reward-seeker, who should be hanged the minute he set foot in Danville with his prisoner.

When the news reached Belleville, Hinshaw's hundreds of friends made a concerted rush for the county seat to assist their persecuted minister, and to help in running the detective out of the town.

The next morning when Webster arrived at Danville with Hinshaw in charge, the town was thronged with people from every part of the county. There was much muttering and many glowering looks, but no open demonstration was made against the detective at that time. The inquest was held, without sensational developments, after which, according to the detective's original agreement with the prosecuting attorney, Hinshaw was released from custody. It was Webster's plan to file the information with the Grand Jury, and have that body indict Hinshaw in the regular way.

After releasing his prisoner, Webster returned to the hotel to dinner. In the midst of his meal a friend rushed into the dining-room and said:

"For God's sake, Harry, get out of here. Go out



"I advise you to return peacefully to your homes."

through the hotel kitchen; you'll find my horse out there; jump on him and run for your life. The street in front of the hotel is filling with a mob of Hinshaw's friends, and they don't intend that you shall get away from this hotel alive."

"Oh, I guess I can take care of myself," replied Webster. "Just now I'm hungry. After dinner I'll go out in front and see what they want."

The friend repeated the warning with greater emphasis than before, but the detective calmly finished his dinner, then strolled out into the hotel office, bought a cigar, lit it leisurely, and walked to the front door.

The friend had not exaggerated the situation. The street and sidewalk was packed with men, with anger and excitement depicted on every face.

"There he is!"

"Get him!" Hang him!" String him up!"

These were among the angry shouts that greeted Webster's appearance in the doorway.

He raised his hand to indicate that he wished to speak. The crowd fell back a little and quieted for a moment.

"My friends," said he, "keep your tempers. I am not here to do Mr. Hinshaw any injustice. If he is innocent, as you believe, no harm can come of this, and if guilty he will be proven so. I am simply working on

this case in the interests of right and justice. You can trust the gentlemen of your Grand Jury to decide whether any further action shall be taken. I advise you to return peaceably to your homes and await their decision."

The crowd wavered for a few moments in indecision and then slowly dispersed.

Detective Webster returned to Indianapolis and employed two of the most prominent physicians and surgeons to go to Winchester, and hold an autopsy on the body of Mrs. Thurza Hinshaw, whose remains had been placed in the family vault at that place.

They proved conclusively that the pistol ball passing through Mrs. Hinshaw's brain at the point it did, must have killed her instantly; therefore Hinshaw's story about her coming through the dining room during the alleged struggle, and speaking to him, was a lie.

It was also shown that if she had fallen at the spot she was found, on the door steps, the force of the fall would have carried her entirely out of the door-way and into the yard. The manner in which the body lay when found, would indicate that it had been dragged there. There was evidence of this in the condition of her clothing.

When this autopsy was made public, popular opinion began to change, and thoughtful persons began to

agree that Detective Webster might have some grounds for charging the reverend gentleman with the crime.

Then it came out that Webster had discovered a vast amount of other evidence, even more direct than that revealed by the autopsy.

He had discovered the "woman in the case." A certain Miss F., a strikingly handsome woman of about 40 years, but who did not look to be much more than half that age, had captured the heart of the Methodist minister.

Hinshaw frequently conducted protracted meetings in other near-by towns, and on these occasions it was his wont to leave Mrs. Hinshaw at some good brother's home and return to Belleville alone each night, always stating some reason necessitating his return. At these times Miss F. was seen to leave the Hinshaw house by the back door just before daylight, showing every appearance of having passed the night there. Her home was only a few doors distant, so it was an easy matter for her to slip out of her house to Hinshaw's and back again without attracting notice.

On the evening of the night on which the murder occurred, Hinshaw and his wife were at Cherry Grove where he was holding meetings. Before services he stated to his wife that he would have to return to Belleville after the meeting and she could stay at

Cherry Grove. She declined to do this, and said she would go home with him. They had high words about it, which were overheard by other occupants of the house at which they were stopping.

At the meeting that night Hinshaw preached a powerful sermon on crime in general and the crime of murder in particular.

Mrs. Hinshaw drove home with her husband after the meeting. Most of the way some other parties drove close behind them, and they overheard a violent quarrel between the preacher and his wife, in which she charged him with undue intimacy with Miss F.

Arriving at home she kept close watch on Hinshaw so that he had no opportunity to notify Miss F. that he did not return alone. The young lady had a key to the back door. In the morning after the murder, this key was found in the door, *on the outside*, showing that she had entered during the night. Her appearance in Hinshaw's house at that hour and in that manner brought matters to a crisis between the man and wife and resulted in the tragedy.

Still, with the knowledge of these facts, which Detective Webster caused to be revealed to the Grand Jury, thousands of people refused to believe Hinshaw guilty.

"If there were not murderous thieves in the house

how did Hinshaw come to be so frightfully wounded?" they would ask.

The detective could have answered this question too, but he preferred to save this evidence for the trial.

While the Grand Jury was in session, examining witnesses, Hinshaw remained outside the door, and busied himself instructing his friends what to say when they were called in to testify before the Jury. With some he pleaded, others he threatened. His actions became known in the Jury-room.

The Grand Jury indicted Rev. Wm. E. Hinshaw for the murder of his wife. This was in June. He was refused bail, and committed to jail to await his trial in September.

Then began preparations for the greatest legal fight in the history of the state. Hinshaw's relatives were wealthy; he was a member of one of the foremost families of Indiana. He, himself, had considerable money and property. The relatives of his murdered wife, with one exception, believed him innocent, and they, too, contributed their wealth to help win his case. They bought the highest-priced legal talent in the state. Becoming alarmed at the way public opinion was turning to Webster's side of the case, the Hinshaw crowd poured money into the coffers of the daily newspapers of Indianapolis, and bought the influence of nearly all the little

local papers of Hendricks county. But not even this could stem the changing tide of public opinion, for new facts were coming to light daily, and the people were in their own minds holding Hinshaw guilty as charged.

What a marvelous force is public opinion!

When Webster first placed Hinshaw under arrest, he came near being mobbed for such an outrage.

Before this, the detective had hundreds of friends in Hendricks county, where he was well known. His arrest of the preacher suddenly made him the most unpopular man in Indiana, for the case was being closely followed by the people of the whole state.

Life-long friends refused to speak to him on the street. Those who did speak had only bitter words for him.

To the detective, the changed attitude on the part of his old friends was a real affliction. At times it would seem to him that the whole Hinshaw affair was some terrible dream.

"How can it be," he would say to himself, "that all these people are against me and believe I am wrong?" He would almost doubt himself sometimes, when he stood before this mighty advancing flood of opposition, with scarcely a friendly hand held out to him. "But I *know* I am right," would be his second thought, "and what need I care if the whole state is arrayed against

me? These people do not know what I do. If they did they would be with me in my determination to bring this white-chokered blackguard out of the pulpit and into the penitentiary."

A remarkable feature of the case was that the mother of the murdered woman believed implicitly in Hinshaw's innocence, while the aged father was early convinced of his guilt. This old couple, who had lived their whole lives in harmony, became so embittered against each other on account of this difference of opinion that they separated and were afterwards divorced.

The trial lasted two weeks.

The daily proceedings in the court room at Danville were telegraphed to every newspaper in the country. Seldom does a murder case have a daily audience of millions, but this one held the interest of the nation as few trials have ever done.

Detective Webster proved that all of Hinshaw's wounds were self-inflicted. The pistol shot in his side merely grazed the flesh, and the course of the bullet showed that the pistol had been held in his own right hand. The seventeen razor cuts on his body, were scarcely more than skin deep, and their direction showed how he had held the weapon while he carefully drew it over his flesh. Not a single vein was severed.

It would be manifestly impossible for anyone to

receive seventeen long slashes with a sharp razor in a desperate fight in the dark and have the weapon merely mark the flesh at each stroke. Some of the longer cuts made by the razor had the appearance of pin scratches.

It was also proven that no such struggle could have taken place in the house, as Hinshaw described. The detective had learned from parties who had been first to enter the house after the tragedy, the exact position of every thing in each of the rooms.

In the dark parlor there had been a center table loaded with fragile bric-a-brac. It stood directly in the path of the three men who had fought their way through the room. In the dining room was the table laden with dishes, also in their way. Various light articles of furniture occupied places in all parts of each of the rooms, and not a thing had been disturbed in the long and desperate struggle! Not a chair or table was overturned. Not a thing was displaced.

It was shown that Hinshaw's falling in the snow by the roadside was only a "grand stand play." His wounds were not sufficient to cause him to fall either from pain or loss of blood.

The preacher had declared that the robbers stole his revolver and razor from the top drawer of the kitchen safe, and after nearly killing him with his own weapons had made off with them. They had also taken

his trousers from a chair near the bed and after taking his money, about \$40, out of the pockets, had thrown them out into the back yard.

The detective proved that Hinshaw himself had entered the wood-shed after the murder, and leaning out of the shed window had thrown the bloody trousers in one direction and the razor in another. Both were found where they had been thrown, although the detective did not secure the razor until some time after, when the snow had melted.

When Hinshaw leaned out of the wood-shed window his blood-stained night-shirt had left its tell-tale marks on the sill. Webster cut out this block of wood, unknown to anybody, and had the blood-stains analyzed by a chemist. The appearance of this bloody block at the trial created a sensation.

Hinshaw's pistol was also found by the detective after the snow had disappeared. It was at the side of the road, about as far as Hinshaw could have thrown it after shooting himself at the spot where the neighbors found him.

Two chambers of the revolver were empty. The bullet from one had slain Mrs. Thurza Hinshaw, the other had grazed the flesh of her cowardly murderer.

On the side of the defense there was a vast lot of evidence which money always manufactures, and it

took the detective and prosecutors several days of the trial to sift this down and show that it was without the slightest foundation in fact.

One of these pieces of false testimony, and the most persistent one, was that a buggy containing two men was seen to drive away from the parsonage just at the time Hinshaw was calling for help. Witnesses were brought in who had seen such a buggy at various points along the road for seven or eight miles.

But there still remained the fact that there were no buggy tracks in the fresh snow in front of the house, or anywhere near it. It was also remarkable that while all of Hinshaw's tracks were plainly visible, those of the robbers were not to be found. Like the mysterious horse and buggy, they seemed to have vanished in the air.

On the evening of October 2, 1895, the jury brought in this verdict:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, William E. Hinshaw, guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged in the indictment, and that he be imprisoned in the State's prison during life."

The most popular man in Indiana that night was Detective Harry C. Webster, whose life had been threatened by an angry mob only a few weeks before.

In most states, the Rev. Hinshaw would have gone

to the gallows, but the laws of Indiana are more severe. They compel a murderer to sit his life out in a lonely prison cell with no other companion than his accusing conscience.



The Stolen Treasury Plate

*How the Guion-Driggs
Gang of Counterfeiters
Was Broken Up.*

Captain Webster told me this story in a Big Four parlor car, as we were speeding toward Chicago to sign a contract with a western railroad for the "checking" of its conductors, many of whom were suspected of making more money than a strictly honest conductor should.

As the train stopped for a minute at the pretty county-seat town of Lebanon, the old detective leaned far out the window and gazed up the street toward the public square.

"It's still there," he said, as he settled back into the comfortable seat. "I never go through this town by daylight without taking a look at that old two-story brick building at the corner of the square yonder.

"In that building, seventeen years ago, I began a long chase after the best-organized and most dangerous gang of counterfeiters the Treasury Department ever had to deal with."

On being pressed for the story, he took a last long look at the old building up the street as the train steamed out of the little city, and then began:

"In the early '80's there appeared a counterfeit \$10 bill that created the greatest consternation in the government secret service to which I then belonged.

"The dangerous feature of this bad bill was that it came very near being good. The back of it was printed from a good plate that had been stolen from the Treasury Department. Its front was remarkably well executed.

"Because one side of it was virtually good, hundreds of these bills were accepted by the banks.

"It was what was known as the 'Webster-head \$10 bill,' on account of the portrait of Daniel Webster that adorned its face. We could tell the counterfeit 'Webster-head' from the genuine by a peculiar expression about Daniel Webster's mouth; also by a few slight defects in the formation of some of the letters.

"This was before the days of silk thread in paper money, and this bill was printed on precisely the same kind of paper used for the genuine. The gang engaged in putting it out was evidently well organized and ex-

ceptionally clever, for they continued to flood the country with their 'green-goods' in spite of diligent efforts of the Government detectives to catch them in the act of passing it.

"One day I notified the department that I was on the track of the 'Webster-head ten', and was given authority to follow up whatever clue I had regardless of time and expense.

"I called on Judge Sam Wesner, the great criminal lawyer, whose office was in that old building I pointed out to you back there at Lebanon. You remember that a few years ago he engaged in a duel with a man named Brown in the courtroom at Lebanon while court was in session, and the men pumped lead into each other until they both fell dead.

"I knew Wesner well. I told him what case I was working on and engaged him to help me run it down. He was on good terms with a notorious crook named Sam Rivers. Wesner had defended him for horse-stealing and the like several times and had the old fellow's confidence. Rivers was 60 years old and had spent 23 years of his life in prison, mostly in short terms, for Wesner usually succeeded in getting a light sentence for him, notwithstanding that he was an old and hardened criminal, whose face had been prominent in rogues' galleries for over forty years.

"I told Wesner that I wanted an introduction to old Sam Rivers, and I wanted Rivers to regard me as being 'all right.'

"That night the three of us met by appointment in Wesner's office. The lawyer told old Sam that I was all right; that I had turned many a good trick, and always got out with a whole skin, and, in general, gave the gray-headed rascal to understand that I was a good man to know. He told him that I used to be called Webster when I was a boy, but was now sailing under the name of J. S. Hamilton.

"Rivers sized me up hard, and after some conversation he evidently concluded that I was a crook of ability and experience.

"Pretty soon he went down in his pocket and drew out a comfortable wad of paper money. He took a bill from the middle of the bunch and handed it to me, asking me what I thought of it.

"Never did the sight of a piece of money make me feel so good. It was a 'Webster-head ten'! I scrutinized it carefully for a minute, holding it to the light, and finally told him it was good money, adding that I wished I had a good bundle of them for I could handle them to advantage.

"Lawyer Wesner also examined the bill and pronounced it good.

"Rivers then named a certain party who was a horseman well known throughout the state and said he got the bill from him. He also intimated that he might make arrangements for me to get all I wanted of it.

"Wesner said that if all the goods were equal to the sample, he could use a little himself.

"I arranged with Rivers to see him a few days later. I then communicated with the department at Washington, and the Chief wired me to go ahead and buy all of the stuff I could get.

"Again I met Rivers at the lawyer's office and told him I was prepared to buy some of the stuff.

"He told me to meet him two days later in Cincinnati and he would introduce me to the parties who made it.

"I was at the meeting place according to agreement and we took the next train to Dayton, Ohio. There, Rivers got a carriage and we drove to a road house a short distance from the city. I knew something of the place, though I had never visited it before. It had a rather scaly reputation as a resort for bad characters, but most of the talk about it was in the shape of unverified rumors. There was no proof that a crime had ever been committed there; and yet people regarded the place as somewhat shady.

"The house was owned and conducted by an old

gray-bearded man named Nelson Driggs, who was ably assisted by his young wife, Gertie.

"Mrs. Driggs was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. I won't attempt to describe her, but I do believe that she was the most pleasing picture of young womanhood ever exhibited in the state of Ohio.

"Sam Rivers introduced me to Mr. and Mrs. Driggs, giving them proper assurance that I was a 'good man.' We soon got to talking business, and before we drove back to the city I had succeeded in buying \$100 at their lowest price, which was \$40 of good money.

"I inquired as to what territory had not been worked much, and it was advised that I take a certain line of railway north to Detroit.

"That night, in the role of J. S. Hamilton, 'shover of the queer,' I took a train to Detroit.

"A week later I returned to Dayton, again drove out to the Driggs place, and reported that I had been successful in disposing of the full amount. I was apparently very much elated by my success, and, flashing my roll of good money, informed them that I wanted another lot, which was immediately handed over to me.

"I then went to Chicago and St. Louis, soon returning with a still larger amount of good money and buying still larger stacks of 'Webster-heads.'

"By this time I had been introduced to several other members of the gang and made it my business to gain the full confidence of each. I was particularly attentive to the delightful Mrs. Driggs and spent as much time as possible in her company.

"She made frequent short trips for the purpose of passing the spurious bills and so clever was she that she could dispose of as much money as any two male members of the gang.

"One day when we were seated alone on the sofa in a parlor of the Driggs place I asked her how she carried so many of the bills without detection.

"She promptly lifted her skirts, and turning down her stocking, showed me \$2,000 worth of the bills neatly placed around her limb from ankle to knee.

"After passing one of the bills, she explained, it was her custom to retire to a toilet room and fish out another. Thus, if she was discovered passing a counterfeit, she could feign great astonishment that the bill was bad and show her purse well filled with good money.

"Taking one of the bills from her stocking she handed it to me and asked me to keep it for luck. I did keep it and still have it in the safe at my office. I would not take a hundred dollars of good money for it today.

"The Treasury department now evinced a lively interest in my reports. This counterfeit had been a great annoyance to the Government for years and the department had spent no less than \$50,000 in trying to locate its source. I was instructed to bend every energy to learn where the printing was done. As I was now a full-fledged member of the gang and was regarded by all of them as a 'good fellow' it seemed to be only a matter of time until I would meet the man who printed the money and get possession of the plates.

"My position, however, was a ticklish one, for if the slightest suspicion attached to me at any time my life wouldn't be worth ten cents. I knew entirely too much to be allowed to live an hour if they discovered that I was not what I seemed.

"My co-worker in this case, Lawyer Wesner, did come very near losing his life as I shall tell you later.

"After considerable scheming I finally contrived to get an introduction to James Guion, of Cincinnati. Old Sam Rivers had informed me that Jim Guion was the real head of the whole business. He it was who engraved the front of the bill, owned the plates, and personally printed the money in Cincinnati, at a place which I afterwards learned was a notorious resort where the panel game was worked and which was headquarters for the cleverest crooks in the country.



"Taking one of the bills from her stocking, she handed it to me."

"Jim Guion impressed me at once as being the brainiest as well as the most desperate man in the gang. It was evident that he simply used the Driggs road house at Dayton as a rendezvous for the gang and a convenient distributing point for the 'queer.'

"Few members of the Guion-Driggs gang ever had the privilege of meeting Guion personally. I was thus honored because I had gained the reputation of being the most successful 'distributor,' in the gang excepting Madame Driggs herself.

"On account of the great success I had had in placing the money, I was detailed to instruct several other members in my peculiar methods.

"This placed me in a rather awkward position, for, as you understand, I had not really passed any of the money at all.

"However, I had to put on a bold front, and, drawing pretty strong on my imagination, I outlined the methods by which I had been so successful.

"It was decided that two gangs be formed and sent in different directions to work according to my plans. One gang went to Chicago and Milwaukee; the other to Indianapolis and St. Louis.

"The latter gang dumped \$1,500 in Indianapolis in one day and \$2,000 in St. Louis the next. In each case they finished up the work and got out of the town be-

fore any of the bills reached the banks.

"They were acting on my advice to work principally among small stores in the suburbs, making small purchases, such as drinks and cigars, and receiving nearly \$10 in change.

"At this time I kept in close communication with the department, and called for assistants to make arrests of members of these two divisions of the gang wherever they could be caught red handed.

"At Indianapolis my assistant failed to see any of the gang in the act of passing the money, but they identified one of them by description and followed him that night to Terre Haute where the races were in progress. I also followed him to Terre Haute and shadowed him there all the next day.

"He spent the whole day at the races, making frequent plays and winning a good deal, but not once during the day did he offer a bad bill. We were feeling pretty sick when we trailed him down town after the races without having had a chance all day to get him.

"He went to the hotel and got supper, and afterwards strolled out in the corridor and leisurely lit a cigar. I then noticed near him his 'kid' trailer and knew that he was about to do some business. All of these men had young boys to help them do their work. The 'kid' would station himself outside the store or

saloon and keep a sharp lookout for officers.

"This man sauntered down the street followed by his 'kid' and also by myself and another government detective. I was so disguised that he could not possibly recognize me.

"Within half a block of the hotel, he turned into a brilliantly lighted saloon.

"These gilded palaces were more numerous in Terre Haute in those days than they are now. Just at that time the world-famous race horse, Nancy Hanks, had broken all previous records on the Terre Haute track.

"That city at once became the Mecca of the sporting and gambling fraternity of the whole country, soon making it the liveliest and sportiest town of its size in the West.

"When the counterfeiter approached the bar and ordered a drink he little dreamed that the stranger at his left was 'Hamilton' and the one on his right a United States officer.

"As the bartender placed a small glass and a bottle of old Kentucky bourbon before him, he laid on the bar a \$10 bill. At a glance I saw it was a 'Webster-head' and signaled the officer to make the arrest, just as the bartender planked down \$9.85 in change and was in the act of placing the bogus bill in the cash register.

"When the officer placed his hand on the counter

feiter's arm and quietly said, 'You will consider yourself under arrest,' the man was so startled that he let his glass fall crashing to the floor.

"At this moment I withdrew from the place by way of the side door, as I had too much work to do as a member of the gang to risk being discovered in the act of helping to arrest one of their number.

"The secret service officer brought his prisoner to Indianapolis and locked him up.

"On this same night another member of the gang was nabbed in Chicago. This one carried his counterfeit money in an umbrella, and when arrested tried to throw the umbrella away, but it was recovered and several hundred dollars' worth of bad bills found in it.

"Old Sam Rivers had by this time become the most expert 'passer' in the gang. After considerable telegraphic communication with the department at Washington, we agreed that it would make our work easier if we got Sam out of the way. He was the shrewdest criminal in the lot, with the possible exception of Jim Guion, the chief. Rivers now had charge of a branch of the gang who were industriously passing the stuff in the smaller towns of Indiana.

"I made an appointment to meet Rivers at Shelbyville. I was to work with him for a few weeks, helping him to superintend the operations of his division of the

gang.

"I consulted with the chief secret service officer of this district and arranged with him to arrest Rivers without disturbing my relations with the counterfeiters.

"I was to take supper with Rivers at a certain hotel in Shelbyville, which stood by the railroad only about a square from the depot.

"The evening train from Indianapolis would arrive during the supper hour at this hotel.

"The Chief was to come down on this train, walk up the track to this hotel, and find Rivers and I sitting out in front of the place after having finished our suppers.

"The plan was for him to attempt the arrest of both of us, making sure of Rivers, while I would make my escape by dashing off into the darkness of an adjoining side street.

"On arriving at Shelbyville that evening, I discovered that the matter would have to be handled with the utmost care, as the slightest break on my part would be the signal for getting my system plugged full of lead.

"The town was literally full of members of the Guion-Driggsgang. Old Sam had his entire force there as it was to be 'rounded up' so that I could take charge of half of it and go south to Louisville and the river towns of Indiana and Kentucky.

"There was now a feeling that treachery existed somewhere, for it did not seem possible that the arrest of the men at Terre Haute and Chicago could have been made without some inside information having leaked out.

"In spite of my prominence as a leader of the counterfeiters, suspicion was as likely to be directed toward me as anybody else. At any moment some Indianapolis acquaintance might step up to me at this Shelbyville hotel when I was in the company of Rivers, and innocently blurt out some remark that would show that I was in the employ of Uncle Sam. If this should occur I would not get out of the town alive, for these were desperate men who would kill a detective without the slightest hesitation, and it would not affect their conscience any more than the slaughter of a mosquito.

"Our plan for the capture of old Sam Rivers came near falling through. Sam and I ate supper together according to program. During the meal he told me that he had his plans made for my entertainment that evening. Immediately after supper we were to go to a certain house of ill repute, whose landlady was a good friend of his and where there was an abundance of champagne, already on the ice, waiting for us.

"In spite of his great age, this old sinner was a true sport. After business hours he was the gayest old boy

I ever knew.

"But his merry program for this evening did not please me at all. He was so impatient to be off that it might be difficult for me to keep him at the hotel until the train came in with the Chief.

"I made the meal as long as possible, listening every moment for the whistle of the incoming train. Old Sam urged me to hurry up, declaring that he never saw a man eat so much in his life.

"I had never known that train to be late, but it was now overdue and I knew that on this trip, of all times, it had suited the train crew to allow it to fall behind the schedule. I wondered why the Chief had not been able to induce the conductor to push the train into Shelbyville on time. I couldn't eat all night, and we finally left the dining room and went out in front of the hotel.

"Sam was for starting on our expedition at once, but I induced him to sit down while we finished our cigars. We sat there talking of our plans while I looked longingly up the track for the first flash of a headlight in the distance and listened for the tardy whistle. Our cigars were nearly finished and I could not hold the frisky old man much longer. At last I made an excuse to go to one of the toilet rooms, saying that I would be ready to go as soon as I came out. While I was in the building, I heard the welcome whistle, and came out

and joined Sam just as the train steamed up to the depot a block away.

"I killed another minute by pausing to light fresh cigars, and then, as we moved off, I saw the Chief swinging down the tracks. We were stepping across the railroad just as the Chief reached us. He placed his hand on Rivers' shoulder and said:

" 'Hold on there; I want you.' "

"Old Sam stopped and looked at him with well-feigned surprise and indignation. He had been arrested scores of times and knew how to take it coolly.

" 'Who are you, sir,' he demanded, "and what do you mean by accosting me in this manner?"

" 'I am a United States officer,' replied the Chief, "and I arrest you for passing counterfeit money.' "

"Before he had finished speaking, he had the handcuffs snapped on the old counterfeiter's wrists. At the beginning of the dialogue, I had moved off slowly, and was now several feet away.

" 'Who is that fellow with you?' the Chief asked of Rivers, and without waiting for a reply he called to me, "Hold on there, I want you, too!"

" 'Oh, that fellow's all right,' I heard Rivers say, "he lives here in town.' "

" 'That story don't go,' said the Chief, and he called on me to halt.

"But instead of halting, I ran at full speed in the direction of the thickest darkness. The Chief fired two shots in my direction but, of course, could not leave his prisoner to follow me.

"In less than an hour a northbound train took the Chief and his gray-bearded old prisoner to Indianapolis. They occupied a seat in the smoking car at the front of the train. In the parlor car of the same train I occupied a more comfortable chair and felt quite well satisfied with the evening's work. After old Sam had been lodged in the Indianapolis jail the Chief and I met at his office and both enjoyed a good laugh at the dramatic style in which the arrest had been made. He advised me to feel of myself and see if I hadn't been hit when he fired at me. 'You played the part so well,' said he, 'that I could hardly keep from aiming directly at you when you ran down that side street.'

"Here let me say that Sam Rivers did not discover the part I played in his arrest until he had served his term in prison and had been out for some time. He was pretty hot when he first heard it, but I was out of the Government service by that time, and he finally saw the joke. We had more than one hearty laugh over it before he went up again for horse-stealing. He is out again now and ending his days quietly on a little farm. He is very near eighty years old now.

"But I have wandered far ahead of my story. After the arrest of Rivers I went back to the rendezvous at Dayton and found matters in a state of turmoil.

"The news of Old Sam's arrest had made the leaders of the gang frantic and had greatly frightened the other members.

"It was plain to them now that there was a traitor in the camp somewhere.

"Several members were suspected, but I was not one of them.

"Jim Guion himself had come up from Cincinnati to help re-organize his panic-stricken company.

"The night of his arrival, he and Driggs went into a private room for consultation. I promptly concealed myself in the adjoining room.

"The partition was of thin boards and I could hear every word.

"It's that old lawyer Wesner, that Rivers introduced here," Guion was saying as I settled myself in the next room to listen. "He's the traitor, and I'll bet a thousand dollars good money that I'm right!"

"Driggs agreed that Wesner must be the man, and for the next fifteen minutes they devoted themselves to forming a plan to put my old friend, the lawyer-detective, out of the way.

"It was decided that Driggs should send a telegram

over to Lebanon, Ind., at once, asking Wesner to come to Dayton.

"Then on the lawyer's arrival Driggs would tell him that he wanted a private talk with him as to the best plan of defending the members of the gang who had just been arrested.

"Driggs would suggest that they take a buggy and drive out in the country a little way, so they could talk as they drove along and be in no danger of being overheard as they might be in the house.

"Not far from the city, on a lonely road, Driggs knew of an old deserted brick mill. He would drive in that direction. Not far from the mill they would meet Guion, who would get in the buggy and drive along with them. At the mill they would take the old Judge from the buggy, accuse him of treason and kill him. Then they would weight his body with stones and throw it in the mill race.

"Driggs went into the city at once to telegraph Wesner. When he returned I saw him slip a yellow piece of paper to Jim Guion, and I rightly guessed it to be Wesner's reply. Guion thrust it into his overcoat pocket from which I easily abstracted it an hour later, when we were lined up in front of Driggs' bar.

"When I went to my room I glanced at the message and saw that if I did not take decisive action the body of

Judge C. S. Wesner would lie at the bottom of the mill race within twenty-four hours. It was addressed to Nelson Driggs and simply said:

"All right. Will leave on noon train tomorrow. C. S. W.

"Before I went to sleep that night I had decided on my plan for keeping Wesner out of the mill-race.

"He arrived the next evening after dark. Driggs had a two-seated buggy waiting in the orchard back of the house.

"About ten o'clock Driggs and Wesner got into the buggy and drove off down the country road.

"They discussed Sam Rivers' arrest and talked of the most practical lines of defense to save old Sam and the others, who had been pinched, from getting long terms. Driggs said the business had been very profitable lately and they would spare no expense to save Rivers and the other fellows.

"You see, I know just what they talked about because I was in the back end of the buggy under the rear seat. My quarters were cramped, but I knew I would have a chance to get out before long.

"A few miles down the road they met Guion, who climbed into the buggy and sat on the back seat right over me.

"Ten minutes later the buggy stopped. I made a good guess that we were at the old mill. I heard a

click-click that sounded very much like the cocking of a revolver. Then came Jim Guion's voice:

" 'Sam Wesner, you d—d old spy, you've got only three minutes to live. Climb down out of this buggy and get down on your knees in the grass.'

"Driggs then joined in and both he and Guion gave the old lawyer the hardest cussing I ever heard two men lay their tongues to. They didn't give Wesner a chance to say a word. They made him climb out and get on his knees a few paces from the buggy. They accused him of being in league with the government detectives; of having wormed his way into the confidence of old Sam Rivers and selling his information to the Treasury department; for all of which they were going to kill him like the toothless old dog that he was, and then they would sink his worthless carcass to rot at the bottom of the mill pond.

"The old man was pretty badly scared, as he had a right to be, but he stoutly denied every charge and argued for his life with that same eloquence that had saved many another poor devil's life before a jury.

"But they did not believe him, and presently they took hold of him to drag him into the old mill and finish him.

"While this scene was being enacted I had quietly slipped from my tight place under the seat and now

"Gentlemen," said I, "don't do anything rash."



stood behind the buggy. It was as dark a night as the murderers could have wished for. There was a moon but it shone fitfully through an occasional rift in the black clouds and then disappeared, leaving the darkness thicker than ever.

"As they started to lay hold of the old man crouching at their feet, I stepped forward and covered them with a pistol in one hand, while with the other I flashed my lantern full in their faces.

"Gentlemen," said I, "don't do anything rash. You have been hasty in deciding this case against Judge Wesner. I agree with you that it looks as though there has been treachery somewhere, but this is not the guilty man; we must look further. Drop this matter right here; leave it to me and I promise you that within the next ten days I will show you how the information leaked out. I have suspicions of my own, but I don't believe in killing a man on suspicion. Let us have the proof first, and then show no mercy."

"They argued the matter somewhat, but I was firm in my demand that no injustice be done. After looking into the muzzle of my gun for awhile they concluded that I was right, and both of them shook hands with Wesner and apologized to him.

"We all went back to the buggy and drove back to the Driggs place in high good humor, and all of us better

friends than we had ever been.

"On the way back Guion asked me how I happened to be at the old mill.

"I told him that I had felt uneasy about Wesner, knowing that there was a good deal of suspicion of one kind and another brewing, and I followed them. They never knew how closely I followed.

"When we reached the Driggs house, I asked my three companions, Driggs, Guion and Wesner, to come to my room as I had something of importance to say.

"At this conference I gave them a strong talk about the danger of dealing with so many parties and selling the 'paper' in small quantities; calling their attention to the fact that among forty or fifty small-fry crooks there would surely be one who would be ready to sell out his information to the first government detective that came along.

"The New England states, I told them, had been practically untouched by this excellent bill and would prove a rich field. But it would not do for the headquarters to deal with the small army needed to pass the stuff in every town and village of that section.

"What was needed was a good Eastern man with plenty of capital who could take charge of that part of the country and be responsible for all the details of the business.

"I then told them of a rich friend of mine in Boston, who had made a fortune as the head of a gang of bank sneaks. I had already communicated with him and sent him a sample of our 'Webster-head'. He had written me that if I would tell him how to get the stuff he would buy \$100,000 worth at a time, provided he could have the exclusive right of the New England states.

"Guion and Driggs were overjoyed at this news and promised me a good commission if the deal with my Boston friend could be carried out.

"The details were quickly arranged. I was to wire the Boston man to come at once. Guion would go to Cincinnati the next day and bring up a big bundle of the bills.

"I then placed the whole situation before the department at Washington; asking that the Chief of the U. S. secret service come and impersonate my rich friend from Boston; also to bring men enough to capture a gang of twelve.

"The Chief and his party hastened through to Dayton by the next train.

"They reached Dayton late Wednesday night. It had been our intention to make the raid Friday night, as that was the time my Boston friend was supposed to arrive. I learned, however, that Guion had returned

from Cincinnati with a lot of the money, and the most prominent members were to be rounded up at the Driggs place Thursday to receive instructions and start on the road with a new supply of green goods.

"I told the Chief of this state of affairs and we decided to act at once, swooping down on the place by daylight, at two o'clock that afternoon.

"I drew up a diagram of the Driggs house and grounds which all of the secret service men studied carefully. There were nine of us in the raiding party.

"The grounds of the Driggs place were large. Along the side of the house, furthest from the road, was an orchard with a heavy undergrowth of berry bushes. Beyond this orchard was a field of oats, just ready to harvest. It was a taller variety of oats than any I had ever seen; it stood nearly as high as rye.

"Surrounding all the Driggs grounds was a high tight-board fence; but two paths through the orchard led to low places in this fence, where a man could easily vault over.

"Any one attempting to escape from the house by way of the orchard would have to come to one or the other of these low places to get across.

"It was planned, therefore, that four of us should stand guard at these two low places in the fence between the orchard and the oat-field, while the Chief

and four men entered the front way and demanded the surrender of the entire gang.

"After a good dinner at the hotel in Dayton we got into our buggies and drove to a point half a mile from the rendezvous, where we left our rigs in the timber and crept cautiously up to the place. Bits of cornfield, and fences with a heavy growth of bushes, afforded us concealment up to the very doors of the house.

"I took three men with me around to the oat-field to station ourselves at the end of the two paths I have described.

"We were all under complete disguise. Everything was very quiet about the place, the only sounds coming from the bar, where there were voices and the clinking of glasses.

"Suddenly, the Chief stepped into the bar-room and demanded the instant surrender of everybody in the house.

"The gang had little show to fight or make a break for liberty. At each door and window stood an officer covering them with guns.

"Only three out of the twelve made a dash out of the other side of the house to escape by way of the orchard. The first two of these we nabbed at the fence easily enough and snapped the cuffs onto them before they had half a chance to pull a gun.

"The third man to come bounding through the orchard was no less a personage than Jim Guion.

"He was wild-eyed, frightened and desperate. In his right hand was a pistol a foot long. He came dashing down the path toward my station, but saw me there, and, after taking a wild shot at me, sprang over the bushes to the other path. I called to the men at the other station to look out, but at that instant Guion vaulted over the fence, knocking one of the men down with the butt of his pistol and firing a shot at the other. Before we could take aim at him he dropped to the ground and disappeared in the tall oats.

"As we expected more of the gang to try to escape the same way, we could not leave our posts, but fired an occasional shot at Guion's head when he bobbed up out of the oats. He would drop to the ground, and half a minute later would come up at an entirely unexpected point and begin shooting at us. The farther he got away from us the more careless he was of exposing himself and the more shooting he did. I noticed, however, that his right arm was useless, and that he was loading and firing with his left hand. That explained why his shots went wild, for Jim was famous as a good shot. Only one of his bullets was accounted for. It took off the lobe of the ear of the man he shot at as he vaulted over the fence.

"Jim Guion actually fought his way across that oat-field and escaped into the woods. A reward of \$5,000 was offered for him, and I guess the offer still stands, for Jim has never been seen by a secret service man since.

"Well, when we lined our prisoners up in the Driggs parlor a few minutes later, we found we had the whole gang, with the exception of one of the leaders, Jim Guion, and the total loss on our side was an ear lobe.

"Leaving the gang to be guarded by the other officers, the Chief and I made a thorough search of the premises.

"We found \$120,000 stuffed in old oyster cans. This wealth was taken to Washington and destroyed.

"This ended the operations of the Guion and Driggs gang. All of those we captured in the raid received sentences of varying lengths and all of their terms have long since expired.

"If you ever have occasion to stop at Dayton, Ohio, you will find Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Driggs living there quietly in a pleasant little home. Nelse is a very old man now, but he is a nice old gentleman, very much devoted to his wife who is said to be almost as young and pretty as she was seventeen years ago."

The Orange County Gang

*Tracking the Silver
Coin-Makers of the
Indiana Hills.*

One day in the early part of this summer I remarked to Captain Webster that I thought of spending a few weeks' vacation in the Adirondack Mountains of New York.

"That's right," said he, "do just what everybody else does. Go a thousand miles from home. Give the railroad companies as much money as you can and then hand all the rest over to a lot of thieving summer-hotel keepers. I thought you had some originality about you, but I'm afraid you're very much like common people after

all. You don't think you're 'spending' a vacation unless you can spend half your year's income along with it."

Somewhat surprised and perplexed by this vigorous speech, I asked the detective what he was driving at.

"Did you ever hear of Orange county?" was his response. "Orange county, Indiana, right here in your own state? You can take a Monon train over here at Greencastle and be laid down in the hilly heart of old Orange in less than three hours. And you can't find a more picturesque spot in three thousand miles travel. The streams are swift and sparkling; the hills are magnificent old mounds not too steep to climb, and the great green forests are as old as the hills. If you don't know Orange county, Indiana, you don't know the wildest and grandest spot of your own state."

I ventured to remark that he must have been there himself.

"Yes, I have," he replied, "I spent one summer there—for my health. It came about in this way. The banker and some of the merchants of Paoli, the county seat of Orange, complained to the Government that bad dollars, halves and quarters were being put into circulation there.

"Inquiry at the county seats of adjoining counties showed that they had not suffered from a flood of spurious coin; the trouble seemed to be confined to Paoli

and neighboring villages, which looked very much as though the stuff was being made somewhere in Orange county.

"Five miles west of Paoli are the famous West Baden Springs, and just beyond them, the French Lick Springs, both of which places are liberally patronized by invalids who go there to enjoy the scenic grandeur and drink of the health-giving waters.

"After due consideration, the United States Government informed me that I was a sick man, and I must go down into Orange county and live there a while.

"So, one July evening about dusk, (this was '87) I dropped into Paoli. There is a cup-shaped basin in the hills there, and Paoli just fits into it. One gets the impression at first sight that the valley was made to fit a town of just that size and shape. It's a pretty picture.

"And Paoli is a quaint and beautiful little old town. Not a saloon in the place, but there were plenty of 'speak-easy' drug stores, so it wasn't absolutely necessary to go to the springs to quench one's thirst.

"During my first evening there I made several casual acquaintances, and let them know that I was a health-seeker. I told them that I needed rest and quiet more than anything else, and instead of going to the crowded hotels at the Springs, I would stop right there

in Paoli and visit the springs at my own pleasure.

"Next day I had a private conference with three men; the postmaster, the sheriff, and the leading merchant. To them I introduced myself in my real character of a Government officer, charged them with secrecy, and enlisted their services in furnishing me any clues they might get hold of.

"All these men had plenty of samples of the bogus coin, but not one of them could give me the slightest clue to start on.

"One thing pretty certain was that the coin was not made in the town; the mint was located somewhere in those everlasting hills.

"The roads were too rough to make driving practicable, so I decided that a daily horseback ride would be good exercise for a sick man, and I secured a good horse and cantered off among the hills every day.

"Finally I announced that I might make Paoli my permanent home, as I had secured a position as lumber buyer for a chair factory at Columbus, Indiana, and the big forests of Orange county furnished just the sort of timber used in the manufacture of their finest grade of goods.

"As I knew everybody in the town by this time, the news of my new position spread all over the place in a few hours, and after that when I saddled my horse and

disappeared into the hills for days at a time, they knew I was out searching for certain kinds of timber and making contracts for it to be cut and delivered the following winter.

"In my horseback jaunts I would contrive to stay all night at every suspicious looking house I found. This gave me an opportunity to get well acquainted in each neighborhood and study the people.

"I made the acquaintance and won the friendship of lots of nice people throughout the county. One farm that I especially liked to stop at was that of Thomas Lee, a well-to-do countryman with an estimable wife and two handsome grown daughters, and every evidence of prosperity about the place. Tom, as everybody called the cheerful old gentleman, was an entertaining talker, with strong religious views and progressive ideas. My frequent visits there form a very pleasant memory.

"I never had a counterfeiting case develop so slowly. The way clues failed to materialize was exasperating. There I was, a citizen of the town, on friendly terms with everybody, and with a wide acquaintance throughout the surrounding country, and yet I could not discover a man in that county in the act of passing bad money.

"It was still getting into circulation, however. The leading merchant who was in my confidence took the

stuff in frequently, but he could never tell when or how he got it. The fact was that the coins were remarkably well made and it required close examination to detect them.

"I made it a point to always be in town on Saturday and keep a close watch on the strangers who came in to do their trading.

"There were some good poker games running in the town, and I sat into them regularly, thus gaining the confidence of a class of people that I thought it would be well for me to know. All these fellows became good friends of mine, and I knew that they had me sized up as a broken-down gambler, but a decent sort of fellow.

"Things had gone on in this way for two months and I had about decided to let the case rest for a while and come back to it later in the year. But one Saturday afternoon, as I sat in the doorway of the post-office reading a newspaper, something happened that convinced me that I had better stay a while longer.

"It was then that the Rev. Henry Crow came for his mail.

"Crow was a queer sort of character. He did not fill any pulpit regularly, but preached around over the country wherever the community stood in need of spiritual guidance. I had heard him preach once, and he put up a good sermon,

"Though he was a clergyman by profession, he was by trade a clock-tinker.

"He traveled about the county a good deal, fixing clocks, watches, and broken jewelry, and everybody agreed that he was a skilled workman. He was a bachelor and lived out in the hills, five miles south of town, with the Lindley brothers. I knew the Lindley boys, but had never made the acquaintance of the little old preacher. He was a slender, wiry little man of about five feet, but a more sanctimonious looking chap never adorned a pulpit; he had a long beard covering the whole front of his vest; and a sad expression of countenance added to his appearance of extreme piety.

"Now the Rev. Henry Crow was the last man in Orange county that anybody would have suspected of knowing anything about pewter dollars, but as he walked past me going out of the post-office that day I saw in his hand a letter that he had just received. All I saw was that it was addressed to him and was post-marked 'Moberly, Mo.'

"Just then it flashed into my mind that we had complaints of bad coins being circulated at Moberly, Mo., and the specimens sent to the Treasury department tallied exactly with those at Paoli, Ind.

"Here was my first clue, and a very slim one it was.

"I immediately dropped everything else and devoted

myself to keeping tab on the old preacher. I kept him in sight for three days, and on the third day found where he had passed one of the 50-cent pieces.

"The Lindley brothers' place, where Crow was living, was in one of the most secluded spots in the county. I laid in the timber for three more days watching every movement about the place. It was a log cabin, but a few feet away Crow had fixed up a little shack for his workshop.

"At eight o'clock on the night of the third day, there was a meeting of five men at Lindley's cabin. They were: Rev. Henry Crow, the two Lindley boys, Robert Williams, a farmer, and Bill St. Clair, a huckster.

"I crept up through the timber and underbrush to the cabin, and locating myself at a chink in the logs, was able to get the full proceedings of the meeting, seeing every move they made and hearing all the conversation.

"They discussed the money question freely. Crow had called the meeting because he had heard a rumor that the gang was being watched. It was finally agreed that they should move all their dies, tools and metal immediately and take it to 'Uncle Tom's.' After this was decided, the meeting adjourned.

"Williams and St. Clair left the place, and Crow and the Lindleys went to bed. I determined to take

this opportunity to search Crow's workshop that stood near the cabin.

"I got into the place easily enough and examined the interior by the light of a very small pocket lantern. In a few minutes I had found plenty of coin metal and two broken dies for 25 and 50 cent pieces, but that was all. It was evident that the other materials and the stock of coined metal was kept in the cabin where the men were sleeping.

"Having made these discoveries, I made my way back to town. I knew almost enough already to warrant me in swooping down on the gang and arresting the whole outfit.

"But it was important that all the dies and metal be captured along with the men, and all this stuff was now to be moved. It was to be taken to 'Uncle Tom's'. Now, who the deuce was this Uncle Tom? He was evidently one of the foremost members of the gang, yet he was not present at this meeting.

"On reaching my hotel, I sat down and made a list of all the Tom's I knew of in that part of the country; but none of them was old enough to be referred to by his neighbors as 'Uncle Tom.'

"The last name that occurred to me was that of my good friend Thomas Lee—he of the charming daughters, the fine farm, and the religious turn of mind. At first it

seemed ridiculous to connect the name of this splendid old gentleman with the operations of a gang of counterfeiters, but the more I thought about it the clearer the case formed itself in my mind, and, finally, I crossed all the other Tom's off my list and determined to find out more about Mr. Thomas Lee during the next twenty-four hours.

"The next two days and nights I was an honored guest at the Lee farm. It did not take me long to convince myself that Lee was the 'Uncle Tom' who was so largely interested in the Orange county gang of counterfeiters. He and his family treated me royally while I was there, and it pained me to think that I would soon have to reward this kindness by placing the head of the house behind the bars as a Federal prisoner. But my path of duty stretched out plainly before me and there was no way of going around it or turning back.

"For a few days I also devoted myself to getting better acquainted with the other members of the gang. I succeeded very well with all of them except the Rev. Henry Crow, whom I could never draw into a conversation. A more secretive little cuss never lived. The old hypocrite avoided me persistently, but by keeping a close watch on him I was soon able to trace several coins of his own making to the places where he had passed them.

"I also traced bad money spent by every one of the other six members of the gang, for I had now learned of seven men who were engaged in the business. They were:

Rev. Henry Crow.

The Lindley brothers.

Thomas Lee.

Bill St. Clair, the huckster.

Bob Williams, an aged and respected farmer.

Bob Cole, a stockman, and desperate character.

"On the morning of the 3rd day of October, I found I had evidence enough to convict each of these seven men, so I telegraphed to Indianapolis for the warrants and some assistance.

"The 6:30 train that evening brought the desired papers and the help. This assistance proved to be the new United States Marshal for the district, who had just assumed the duties of the office and who was anxious to share the glory of the capture of the much-wanted Orange county gang.

"He expected to go right out immediately upon his arrival and pick up our men in time to catch the next train back to the city.

"It took me some time to convince him that we had desperate men to deal with, and that the attack would have to be well-planned in order to succeed. We had seven men to capture, and all would have to be taken

by surprise. As the counterfeiters would not all be found at one place, and the attack should be made simultaneously at each place, it would be necessary for us to have help.

"That night, after supper, we hunted up the sheriff and told him how matters stood. He readily offered to assist us in person and also with his Deputy, a powerful young fellow, with a record for success in dangerous missions.

"I determined to make the arrests at daybreak, and advised each of the other men to get two or three hours' sleep before making our early morning start.

"It was decided that we form two parties. The Marshal and sheriff were to go west and get Bob Cole, Bill St. Clair and Bob Williams, while I took the Deputy and went five miles north after the Rev. Henry Crow, the Lindley brothers and Tom Lee.

"We arranged for two double-seated rigs to be ready at 1 a. m. At that hour the start was made. It was the darkest night I ever saw and the roads were as rough and uncertain as the highways of a wild hill country can be.

"A half hour before daylight we were as near the Lindley cabin as we wished to take our buggy. We secreted the rig in the bushes and the Deputy and myself approached the cabin on foot.



"Game's up, boys; you're both arrested. No joke this time!"

"I knew these people to be early risers and that they would be stirring around within a few minutes. I sent the Deputy around to watch the rear of the place, while I stationed myself behind a clump of bushes within five feet of the front door. In a few minutes I heard someone moving about inside; then a thin line of smoke from the chimney gave evidence that the big fire-place was being prepared for the morning meal.

"A moment later the front door opened and one of the Lindley boys stood at the threshold for a minute, as though to observe what kind of weather was in store for the new day just breaking.

"As he turned to re-enter the house, I was at his heels, telling him that I was a United States officer and that he should consider himself under arrest. By the time I had finished speaking the handcuffs were on his wrists, for he was so startled by my sudden appearance that he lost his presence of mind.

"The Rev. Henry Crow had just awakened and hardly had his eyes open yet. He was in the further end of the room putting on his clothes when I entered. As I put the cuffs on Lindley, Crow made a dash for the other side of the room where his revolver lay on a table, but I had him covered before he could get to it, and in a good deal less time than it takes to tell it, he also wore bracelets. I called the Deputy and we hurried our pris-

oners to the spot where we had secreted our buggy.

"It was now getting quite light and we had two more men to take within the next half hour. I had reason to believe that the other Lindley was over at Tom Lee's. We drove hurriedly to Lee's place, or, rather, to a point within half a mile of it. By leaving our buggy concealed in the woods back of Lee's orchard, we could approach without probability of discovery. We secured our prisoners to the buggy by locking them to the axle with an extra pair of hand-cuffs, and thus we left them while we advanced cautiously to the house of Lee.

"I knew the place well, because of my frequent visits there. A large kitchen built of logs formed the principal wing of the house, and it was there that I expected to find Lindley and Tom Lee.

"Just as we reached the house, smoke began issuing from the chimney. I hastened at once to the front door of the kitchen, leaving the Deputy to guard the rear of the house, and rapped loudly.

" 'Who's there?' inquired a voice which I recognized as Lindley's.

" 'A friend,' I replied, and at that moment he opened the door about four inches. I placed my foot inside so that he could not close it again, and, throwing my full weight against the door, forced it wide open.

"He looked frightened when he saw that I was making a forcible entry, and, with the agility of a cat, he sprang to the opposite side of the room and picked up a Winchester rifle which he levelled at my head before I had time to step inside.

"All this happened in about twenty seconds. I had to think quick in order to save my head. Tom Lee stood beside Lindley, and he looked as though he didn't know whether to take the situation seriously or not.

"Up to this time I had not displayed any revolvers; they could not know that I was a Government officer, and it occurred to me that I might make a joke of the affair. I laughed heartily at the two men standing side by side in front of the blazing logs of the old-fashioned fire-place. Lindley, with terror in his eyes, was looking at me down the shining length of a rifle barrel. Lee, filled with astonishment at the sudden intrusion was gazing fearfully and doubtfully at me, as though unable to decide whether I, his friend, the lumber-buyer, had suddenly turned Government detective.

"After I had enjoyed a good laugh I asked, 'What have you fellows been up to, that you run for your guns when a hungry man comes in for breakfast?' As I said this, Lindley lowered his rifle. Like a flash, my hands came out of my overcoat pockets and I had both men covered with two very good revolvers.

"Game's up, boys," I said, "you're both arrested. No joke this time. Keep your hands up high and don't move, or I'll have to turn these things loose on you."

"I called lustily for the Deputy to come and put the cuffs on the men while I kept them covered. Lindley's rifle lay at his feet, and if I had turned my head for an instant, he would have seized it and used it in good old Orange county style.

"The Deputy appeared after what seemed a wait of about ten minutes, although it was in reality probably not more than half a minute.

"When we had our prisoners safely in irons, Lee's wife and daughters, who had been aroused by the unusual sounds, came from the other part of the house and went almost into hysterics when they saw what had happened. I told them it was all right; that there had been some mistake probably, but that Tom would have to go to town for awhile. We allowed the men to get their boots on, which they did with the ladies' help, and we marched them down through the orchard to where Rev. Crow and the other Lindley were locked to the axle of the buggy.

"It was a pretty heavy load for that kind of a rig and such rough roads, and when we were within half a mile of Paoli, the thing broke down.

"The Deputy said he could fix it up and get it into

town somehow, so I left him to take care of the wrecked buggy and walked the rest of the way, marching the four prisoners ahead of me.

"While we were out on our early morning expedition, the Marshal and sheriff had captured Bill St. Clair and Bob Cole, but had failed to get Bob Williams. They arrived with their captives before we did, and the whole town was wild with excitement. The news had already circulated over the town that we were out after Crow, Lee and the Lindley's.

"So, when our little procession marched down the main street to the jail, the whole population of Paoli was there to receive us, and a right warm welcome we had.

"Hats, handkerchiefs and canes waved high in the air and a chorus of hearty cheers was echoed back from the surrounding hills.

"I found the Marshal and sheriff much chagrined at not having found old Bob Williams, and told them not to worry, for I would bring him in before noon. They had called at Williams' house and his wife had told them that old Bob was not at home and wouldn't be back till the next day. Mrs. Williams knew the sheriff by sight, so I concluded that she had lied about her husband being away from home. I knew Williams very well and as yet he could not suspect me of being a de-

"Our little procession marched down the main street to the jail."
Ind. Trust Co.



tective, so I could easily take him single handed.

"A light buggy was brought and I drove as rapidly as possible to the Williams farm. Bob was an old fellow, highly respected throughout the country. I found him drawing a pail of water from the old-fashioned well in front of the house.

"I accosted him cheerily with a 'Good morning, Uncle Bob,' and suggested that he let a strong man draw up the bucket, at the same time making a move as though to take the rope from his hands.

"Instead of that, a pair of handcuffs enclosed his wrists with a snap. He jumped as if shot, and then realizing the situation, he poured forth such a torrent of profanity as I never heard a church deacon use before. His wife came out and gave me a tongue-lashing almost equally strong, but I led the old man to the buggy without further trouble and soon had him in a cell at Paoli alongside of his six confederates.

"As I passed Lee's cell, he asked for a private talk with me. I took him to the jail office and he proposed to tell me all I wanted to know if I would make things easy for him. I readily agreed to this and he told me if I would go home with him he would show me where all the dies, tools and metal were.

"In ten minutes I had him in a wagon on our way to his home. True to his promise, he showed me the

whole outfit which had been moved there from the Lindley place the night before. He helped me load the stuff and we hauled it to town, where all of us, including the baggage, took the next train for Indianapolis.

"The whole town was at the depot at Paoli to see us off. Nearly everybody came up to shake hands with me, and nearly all with a sly wink, would confidentially inform me that they knew who I was all the time, but that they were too smart to say anything about it.

"I kept my agreement with Tom Lee, and got him off with a sentence of one hour in jail and a \$100 fine. All the others got one and two-year sentences.

"When you go down to Orange county on that vacation of yours, you will find all these people living there just as they were in '87, but every dollar they spend nowadays is one made in the regular way at the United States official coin-foundry."



The Devil and Tom Walker

*A Short Story Without a
Moral, Concerning One
Woman and Two Fools.*

The natural gas fires flamed up brightly in the offices at headquarters that night, making an atmosphere of pleasing contrast to that of the storm-swept streets outside. As Capt. Webster finished the correspondence which had kept us at the office long after the customary closing hour, the sleet was still beating against the windows like the rattle of musketry.

"It was just such a night as this," said the detective, as he turned to the cheerful blaze, "that I first met Tom Walker."

I inquired who in Sam Hill Tom Walker might be,

and the captain smiled sadly, as he replied:

"Tom Walker has the distinction of being one of the very few men who ever succeeded in making me downright mad. I'm not quite sure that I've gotten over it yet, for I saw him running after a train at the Union station the other day, and I felt a strong impulse to run after him and kick him a few times for luck.

"One winter night three or four years ago I sat alone in this office finishing up some work, when in walks a tolerably good-looking man, well dressed, probably 30 years old, whom I at once sized up as being either a drummer or a theatrical man.

"He introduced himself as Thomas Walker, a traveling man for a certain wholesale hardware house, and told me that he was in great trouble.

"He looked it. Mr. Tom Walker was the very picture of dejection as he sat down to rehearse his woes.

" 'Yes,' said he, 'there has come to me the greatest trouble that man can suffer. I have lost my wife—and my child.' At this, he broke down completely and wept. It was a minute or two before he could master his emotions sufficiently to continue.

" 'Dead?' I asked.

" 'No, no,' said he, 'not that. She's run off.' And he wept afresh.

" 'Whom did she go with?', I inquired.

"With the Devil, sir. I have reason to believe that she was enticed away by a man whom I hate more than rattlesnakes; a man without sense of honor, sir, and with not a spark of manhood. His name is Devlin—Jack Devlin; but whenever I think of him, sir, I can only regard him as a Devil; not as a man and an equal."

"All this was interesting, but not to the point."

"After much questioning I got a fair outline of the case, which was about this way: Walker had just come in from a two weeks' trip on the road, and proceeded as usual to the rooms his wife and little girl occupied in a down town apartment house. To his amazement and great grief he found that they had gone, leaving no trace of their direction. It was an apartment which they had rented furnished, but Walker had bought his wife several handsome pictures to adorn the walls, and a sewing machine. The pictures and the machine were gone, as were also every stitch of clothing belonging to Mrs. Walker and the little girl. And their clothes were plenty and expensive, Mr. Walker informed me. He at once suspected this man Devlin of having taken his wife and child away, because Devlin had more than once attempted to make love to Mrs. Walker and was known to have visited there during Walker's absence. Devlin was also a traveling man, who earned a big salary and was able to provide for a woman in handsome style."

"What Walker wanted me to do was to find his wife and child at any cost, so that he could induce them to come back and live with him."

"This was rather late on Saturday night, and I told him that nothing could be done with the case until Monday. But he was impatient to have something done at once, and I agreed to detail a man on the case early Sunday morning."

"Walker had to go out on another trip Sunday afternoon, but he left me his route and dates, so I could wire him if I found his family, and he would come in at once."

"The operative I put on the case Sunday morning worked all that day without finding the slightest clue. Monday I visited all the freight depots and express offices, but could not find record of any goods having been shipped either in the name of Walker or Devlin."

"I then began the difficult task of finding the drayman who had hauled the goods from the apartment house. It took two days to do this, but Wednesday evening I located him and learned that he had taken the stuff to the office of the American Express company. The load had consisted of a sewing machine, a crate of pictures and a large Saratoga trunk. The drayman remembered the date on which he had done the work, but could not tell what name was on the tags. He had the impression, though, that they were addressed to some-

body at Detroit.

"I contrived to see the express company's record of shipments for that day, and discovered that the stuff had been consigned to 'John Dixon, Detroit, Mich', but no street address was given.

"Now, of course, the Detroit office of the express company could easily tell where they had delivered the goods, but it is strictly against the rules of all express companies to give out any information of this character. There was absolutely no hope of help from that quarter.

"It was impossible for me to leave town at that time, so I sent a trusted operative to Detroit to trace the goods to wherever they might have been delivered. Every evening he sent me a telegram to the effect that he had found nothing.

"Sunday morning Tom Walker came in from his trip and was so disheartened at our failure to get any trace of his wife that he wept like a child. I never saw a man so broken up over anything. However, he urged me to go ahead, sparing no pains or expense in the matter. I talked with him a good while, hoping to learn something from him that would give us a fresh clue to work on. I learned that his little daughter was 13 years old. She had not been going to school here and had few acquaintances, but he believed she did have one playmate, a little girl of about her own age, named Mattie

Payne.

"Monday morning Walker had to go out on the road again, and left with the understanding that if my man at Detroit found anything, I would wire him to meet me at that city.

"I immediately set out to find little Mattie Payne, and learned that she was at school. I stationed myself at the gate of the school-yard at the closing hour, and had another little girl point Mattie out to me. She was going down the street toward home and had a letter in her hand. I overtook her, and said, 'Good evening, Mattie; have you heard from Carrie since she went away?'

" 'Oh, yes, sir,' she replied, 'I just got a letter from her today. Here it is. She's in Englewood, Chicago, and is going to school there.'

"I read the letter, and found that it gave her address as General Delivery, Englewood, Chicago, but contained nothing to indicate where she and her mother were living.

"I at once telegraphed the man at Detroit, calling him in, and also wired Walker to meet me in Chicago the following Friday. Wednesday night I went to Chicago, and began on Thursday morning a tedious search of all the schools of Englewood, hoping to find Carrie Walker, or Carrie Devlin, or Carrie Dixon, enrolled as a pupil in one of them.

"This investigation kept me busy until Friday afternoon, and it proved to my satisfaction that the little Walker girl was not attending any school in the big suburb of Englewood. This fact made it clear to me that Mrs. Walker was using the Englewood general delivery address only as a blind, and that they were located somewhere else in the great city of Chicago—not in the Englewood district.

"Walker arrived Friday evening and shed tears copiously when he learned that his beloved wife and child had not yet been found. I cheered him up as much as possible and made him work with me all day Saturday searching the furnished room houses in that part of the city nearest the Englewood suburb.

"Saturday night I decided that it would be necessary to work a scheme on the express company if we hoped to make success sure. Accordingly, on Sunday morning I went to the office of the American Express company, for as that company had taken the goods from Indianapolis to Detroit, I reasoned that it would also be employed to forward the shipment on from Detroit to Chicago. The down-town office of the company is opened for a few hours on Sunday morning. I inquired where the manager could be found, and was informed that he lived in Evanston and did not come to the office on Sundays. After dinner I took a train to Evans-

ton, and was fortunate in finding the manager at home

"To him I stated my business and explained fully the situation and the sad condition of the deserted husband, appealing to his sympathies and asking that he lend his assistance in restoring that once-happy home.

"He told me that the company's rules in such matters were very strict and he didn't see how he could do anything to help me.

"I told him that I didn't want him to give me the information direct, but as the happiness of a whole family was at stake, I thought he might consent to look over his delivery books Monday morning and I would stand beside him when he did it, taking my chances on finding out what I wanted without asking him a single question.

"He seemed to think this a very bright idea and agreed to do it.

"Promptly at 9 o'clock Monday morning I was at the express office with Walker, waiting for the manager to put in an appearance. Poor Walker was in a terrible plight. He had worried over the loss of his wife until he was growing thin and nervous, and this morning he seemed to realize that we were grasping at the last straw.

"The manager did not show up at the office till 12

o'clock. He greeted me very pleasantly as he came in and said he would attend to my matter at once. He took me to his private office, got the delivery book and commenced to look over it as I stood beside his desk. Before he had turned half-a dozen leaves I saw the name I was looking for, and following it was a certain number on Indiana street.

"I told the manager that I guessed it was no use to look any further as the goods had probably been shipped through some other company. He understood me and congratulated me on getting what I wanted so easily. He also insisted that I go out to lunch with him, and I cheerfully accepted the invitation.

"In the main office I found Walker restlessly pacing up and down the room. I told him to go to the hotel and I would meet him there at 2 o'clock, as I was going out to lunch with the manager of the express company.

"At 2 o'clock I met Walker at the hotel and told him to get on his overcoat, as we had one more effort to make. I also made an excuse to borrow his revolver, which I quietly turned over to the clerk of the hotel for safe keeping.

"We then took a cab and I ordered the driver to go to a certain number on Indiana street as quick as he could. When we drew up in front of the house we alighted and I dismissed the cab. Then, turning to the

injured husband, I said:

" 'Walker, you will find your people in this house. Now I want you to follow me and do exactly as I tell you. If you make any bad break I will desert you then and there, and leave you to fight your own battles.'

"He swore to faithfully follow my instructions, and we went up the half-dozen steps to the front door and pulled the bell. The ring was answered by an elderly woman, with a pleasant countenance, but very badly deformed—a hunchback.

"I greeted her cordially and asked whether Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were still stopping with her. She said that they were, and that they occupied the front room on the third floor.

" 'The lady is my sister,' I said, 'and I want to give her a little surprise. We'll go right up without being announced.'

"So saying I stepped into the hall, closely followed by Walker, and started for the stairs.

"The old lady became very much excited, saying that she could not allow us to go up without first learning whether our visit would be agreeable to her lodgers, but I kept on talking to her in a conciliatory manner, assuring her that it was all right; all the time advancing up the stairs and urging Walker to follow. The landlady even threatened to call the police, but we gave no

heed to that.

"After getting a fair start, I bounded up the two flights of stairs three steps at a time and rapped vigorously on the door of the third floor front.

"Immediately came the voice of Jack Devlin asking who was there.

"I gave the name of a man whom I knew to be a friend of his, and he cautiously opened the door a few inches. As he did so I planted my foot in the opening. He peered past me and saw Tom Walker standing there. Then he swore some savage oaths and attempted to close the door in our faces. My foot prevented his carrying out this intention.

" 'Mr. Devlin,' said I, 'Mr. Walker is out here and wishes to speak to his wife. If you do not open the door of your own accord I will have to break it down.'

"Devlin opened the door. I stepped inside, still holding the door so that Walker could not follow. I stated that Mr. Walker wanted five minutes' private conversation with his wife. If he could not convince her in five minutes that it would be best for her to return home with him, he would go away peaceably and the woman could continue to live with Devlin.

"Mrs. Walker declined to go out. Devlin was striding about the room declaring the intrusion an outrage. While we were talking, Walker suddenly squeez-

ed his way past me and made for Devlin with blood in his eye and a murderous-looking 'billy' in his hand. When I took his revolver from him at the hotel I thought I had disarmed him entirely, not suspecting that he carried any other weapon.

"As he made the break for Devlin, I seized him by the collar and held him back by main strength. Devlin caught up a large pair of shears from a table and started for Walker. When he got within reach I grasped him by the collar also and held the two antagonists apart at arm's length.

"The excitement of that moment was considerable. Mrs. Walker was on her knees in hysterics and little Carrie was by her side, crying bitterly. The two men were panting with rage and straining every muscle in their endeavor to get at each other.

"By a sudden movement I then threw Walker across the room where he sprawled beside his wife, and, whirling about, forced Devlin out the door into the hall.

"I then told Walker that he could have exactly five minutes' talk with his wife and if she did not then come with him willingly he would have to go away with me and leave her there. Holding my watch in my hand to time him, I stepped out into the hall with Devlin and closed the door.

"I entertained Devlin outside by assuring him that

everything was all right, that Mrs. Walker would not be persuaded to leave; and other things calculated to have a soothing effect on him.

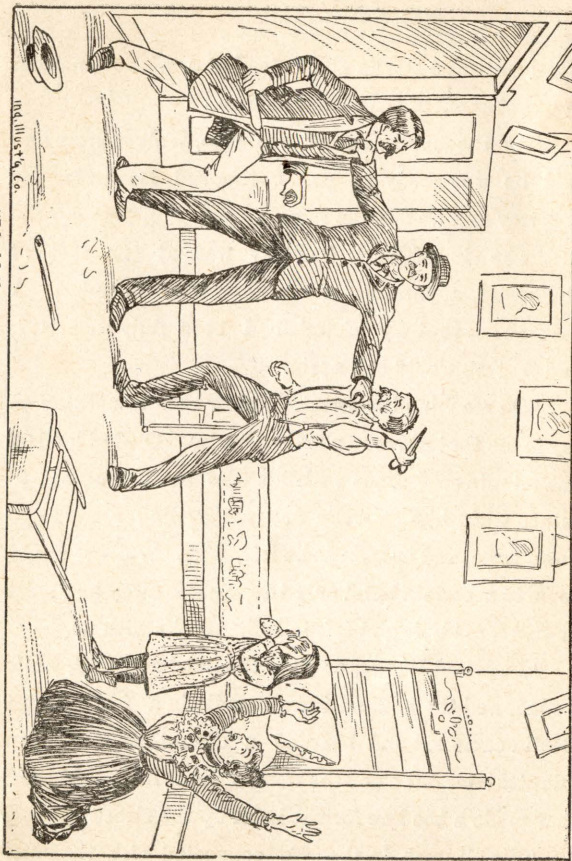
"In five minutes I called time on Walker. He pleaded for only a minute more and did not come out. I told him that he could not have another minute, and if he did not break off the conversation at once and come out that I would let Devlin in.

"That brought him. As Walker stepped out, I admitted Devlin. I held the door so Devlin couldn't lock it and held a conference with Walker. He declared that he had his wife almost persuaded to return with him, and that he would give me something handsome if I would get him just one more minutes' talk with her.

"I said to Devlin that Walker wanted one more minute; that Mrs. Walker had refused to return and that there was some business matter that he wanted to speak to her about.

"Devlin declared that not another word should be allowed, but I insisted that it should be done, and brought Walker into the room, telling Devlin that if any break was made on the part of any of them, I would summon the police and have the whole outfit pulled.

"Mrs. Walker was now seated on the bed. Walker knelt at her feet and conversed earnestly with her in



"I held the two antagonists apart at arm's length."

whispers, while Devlin and I stood at a window, neither of us going out of the room this time.

"At the expiration of a minute, Walker arose and said he was ready to go. I thanked Devlin for his courtesy and we left the room.

"The hunch-back landlady was at the foot of the stairs apparently much disturbed in mind. I assured her that my 'sister' had been duly surprised, and that we would call again.

"On reaching the street, Walker had something to say to me that gave me a little surprise. During his last one-minute conference with his wife she had agreed to return with him. Devlin was just getting ready to go down town, and as soon as he left, Mrs. Walker would come to a certain hotel only two squares away and meet us there, ready to go back to Indianapolis with us.

"I advised Walker to go to the hotel and wait, while I shadowed the house. Sure enough, in a few minutes Devlin came out and boarded a down-town car. Ten minutes later out came the woman and little girl, and they made a bee line for the hotel up the street.

"We all met in the cafe connected with the hotel

and held a little business meeting.

"I announced that as I could be of no further service in the matter, I would take the next train for home within an hour. But Mr. and Mrs. Walker insisted that I remain until evening and we would all go back together.

"Mrs. Walker did not wish to leave without taking her trunk, for between Walker and Devlin she had any number of expensive dresses and the various articles of feminine finery that go to make up the wardrobe of a stylish, up-to-date woman.

"I suggested that Walker and I return to the house and pack the trunk, but Walker could not be induced to go near the place. His wife was equally opposed to going back to the room, so there was no other way out of the predicament than for me to do it single-handed.

"I returned at once and had an interview with the landlady, telling her all about the affair. She was horrified to find that she had been harboring persons who were not legally married, and was profuse in her thanks for the part I had taken in getting such lodgers out of her house.

"She informed me that Devlin had that very morning paid her a month's rent in advance. I told her that would be all right; for her to keep the money, and to come up and help me pack the trunk.

"The room was literally strewn with fine dresses. There was no time for careful packing and we simply threw everything in the big trunk helter-skelter and I tramped the contents down with my feet so the lid could be closed. The hunchback women laughed merrily at my unique system of trunk-packing. After the lid was closed there were several things still scattered over the room, and these I generously presented to the landlady—among other things being a canary bird and cage, and the shears that had played their part in the enactment of the little drama an hour before.

"I telephoned for an expressman to take the trunk to the depot, and also had a furniture-packing establishment send a man to attend to the packing and shipment of the pictures and the sewing machine.

"That evening we all boarded a train for Indianapolis; I acting as escort for little Carrie, while Walker devoted himself to his wife.

"The re-united pair conducted themselves like a bridal couple, only more so. They were the laughing stock of the whole train throughout the trip, for they could not resist the temptation to embrace each other every few minutes without regard to the number of spectators. I gave the conductor, with whom I was well acquainted, a brief sketch of the situation and the story soon spread the whole length of the train. People came from other coaches to see this remarkable 'bride and groom' bill and coo.

"I found the daughter a very entertaining traveling companion. Though not yet 14 years old, she was quite a young woman, and wise far beyond her years. She is one of the prettiest girls to be seen on the streets of Indianapolis today. Some time I will point her out to you.

"Well, the next day, Mr. and Mrs. Walker were again cosily quartered in a down-town apartment, and the next evening the happy husband again started out on a business trip for his house.

"Three or four days later, Mrs. Walker sent for me. I found her laboring under great excitement. Jack Devlin was in town watching her and she was afraid he

would kill her.

"She had been taking her meals at a restaurant a block away from her lodgings and she was afraid to go to the place without an escort. I attended her to the restaurant three times a day for two days. On the evening of the second day, I discovered Devlin following us as I was seeing her safely to her door after supper. I turned abruptly and he promptly retreated. I overtook him and demanded to know what he meant by following and persecuting another man's wife.

"Instead of being frightened, he laughed and said, 'If you have time, Captain, I would like to go to your office and have a little talk with you.'

"I assented, and we came up here. He produced some good cigars, and began by remarking that he had been finding out something about me.

"I wanted to know what it was.

" 'Well,' said he, 'I am told that you are something of a crank on the subject of patching up a peace between husbands and wives who do not always agree: that you have often persuaded couples to make it up and begin over again even after both had decided to get a divorce,

and that you often refuse to work on divorce cases because you dislike to see homes broken up. Is that so?

"I admitted that I probably had a weakness for acting as peacemaker in such cases.

" 'I am convinced,' Devlin continued, 'that this is the reason you have taken such an interest in the affair of Mr. and Mrs. Walker and worked so hard to get the lady restored to the arms of her loving husband. Now let me give you a little shock. Tom Walker and the woman you just escorted home from supper are not married, and never will be for the very good reason that Tom has a wife in Ohio and the woman has a husband in Pittsburg. Tom met this woman in his travels and became infatuated with her. He induced her to leave her husband, but she insisted on keeping her daughter; that bright little girl who has been taught to call Tom Walker 'papa.'

"After Tom took up with this woman, he discovered that his legal wife was in his way, so he had a couple young doctor friends of his pronounce her insane and got her locked up in a private asylum over in Ohio where she is today.'

"Now maybe I wasn't hot when Devlin told me this. I thought of all the work I had done in the last three weeks, feeling all the time what a glorious thing it was to bring a wayward wife back to make a cheerful home for her lawful husband. My sympathies had been worked on most beautifully by this weeping wretch of a Walker!

"It now struck me forcibly that Walker still owed me a balance of \$100 on my bill for service and expense. I had not expected to ask him for it as he had been to a great deal of expense in getting his 'wife' restored to him and I thought he might be needing the money more than I. But I had experienced a change of heart, and as soon as he came in from his trip I sent for him and demanded settlement. Without a word he wrote out a check for the amount.

"Now," said I, "Tom Walker, turn around and let me kick you." I then proceeded to tell him what I thought of him and was not careful in the choice of my words. He owned up to all the charges and was glad to get out of the office with a whole skin.

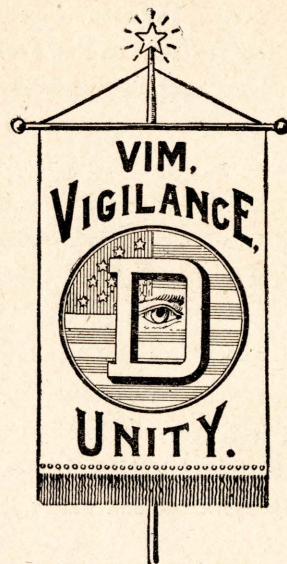
"He promptly moved his little family out of the

building in which they had been living and they went to board at a private residence on New York street.

"But Devlin hadn't had all the fun he wanted yet. He found out where the Walkers had moved and informed the police of the situation. As a result the patrol wagon backed up to the private residence on New York street, and Tom Walker and his 'wife' went to jail. In the police court they were given a heavy fine and ordered to separate. Walker's firm discharged him on account of the notoriety he had gotten into.

"But the case seemed to be incurable, for in spite of being fined and fired, Tom soon installed the woman in a little cottage on the south side and there they live today. He is a good salesman and wasn't long out of a position.

"Jack Devlin, 'the devil', still travels for the same firm, but I haven't heard of his abducting any more of the wives and daughters of his fellow travelers."

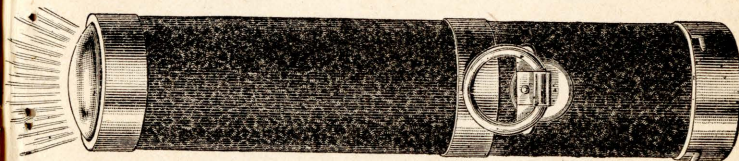


H. B. Webster

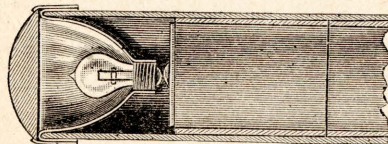
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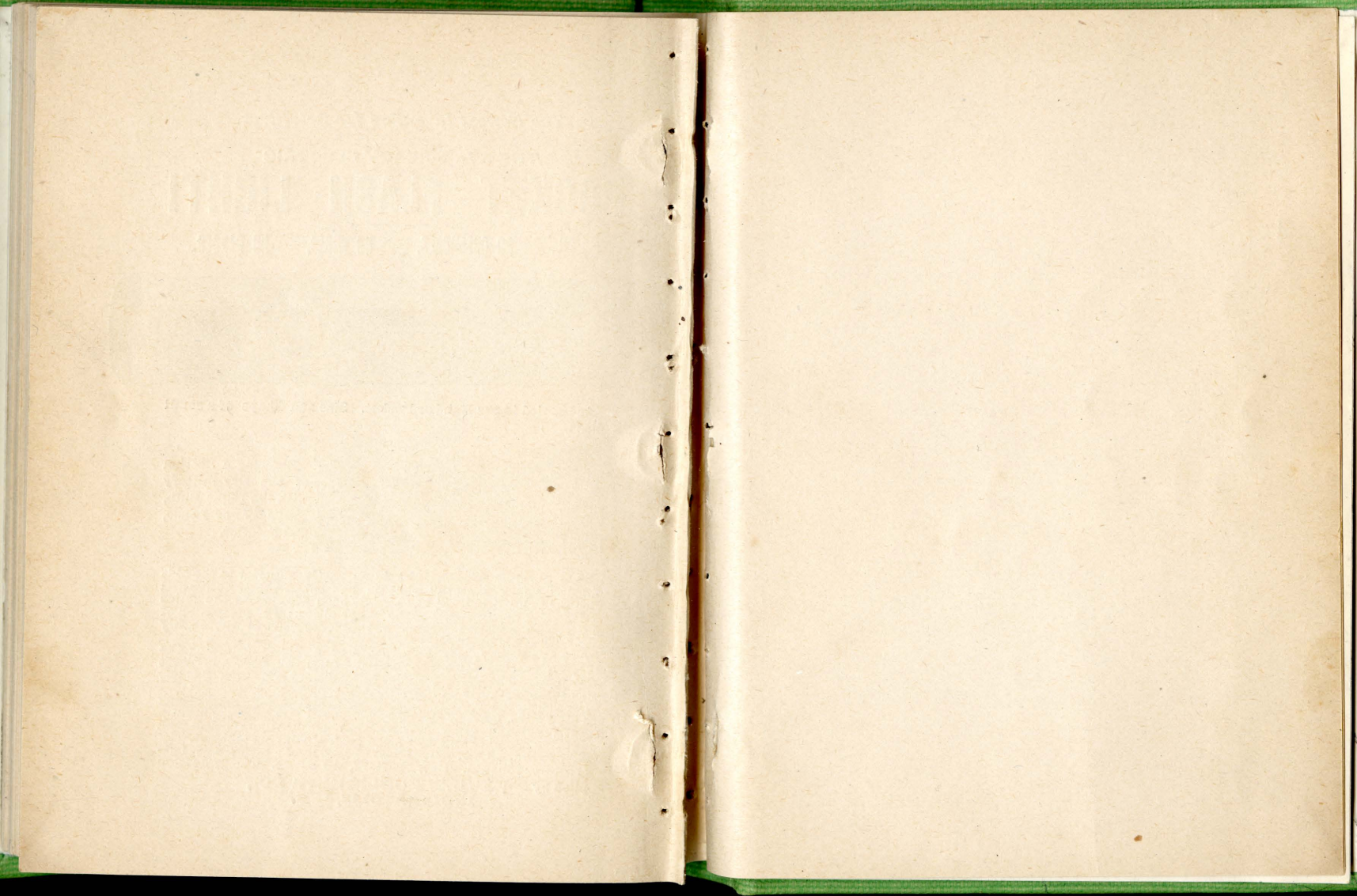
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